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UPDATE ON A REVOLUTION

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LETTERS

thunder on the Right

New York City

Rather than attempt to correct all the misstatements made by Alan Crawford in "Richard Viguerie's Bid for Power" [*The Nation*, Jan. 29], kindly allow me to correct only three that pertain directly to me: *(1)* I am not a "Wallaceite"; *(2)* neither of the two wine-enjoying societies to which I belong imports any wine whatever, and *(3)* my book, *The Making of the New Majority Party*, did not attempt "to demonstrate the inevitability of the GOP's collapse"—it merely recommended it. *William A. Rusher*

Vienna, Va.

As a regular reader of *The Nation*, who has looked to your magazine as a reliable source for information concerning thought and action on the American Left, I was dismayed by Alan Crawford's misleading, factional diatribe.

On the subject of political philosophy it is false to state that I or other Conservative Caucus leaders believe it necessary or proper to surrender adherence to market principles for the sake of gaining power. Nor can it be correctly assumed that working men and women . . . are less caring than ivory tower elitists like Mr. Crawford . . . on issues like inflation and employment.

Concerning strategy, the basic conflict between so-called "Old" and "New" Right relates less to questions of compromise and more to considerations of objective. Many on the "Old Right" see control of the Presidency as the overriding political objective for conservatives. . . . Without unrealistically disparaging the importance of the Presidency, some of us in the "New Right" consider Congress the prize more devoutly to be sought. Recognizing that the Republican Party, while capable of serving as an instrument for a winning tilt at the Presidency, is unlikely to gain, by itself, a Congressional majority, we have been willing to consider approaches other than monopartisanship.

It is for that reason that we sought to persuade Governor Reagan to consider an independent Presidential candidacy in 1976: to pave the way for national campaigns in which the fortunes of conservative Congressional candidates would not rise and fall with the image of the Republican Party.

That is also why a prime conservative objective for 1978 is the election of conservatives to Congress—whether they wear Republican, Democratic, or other labels, it is the content that counts. *Howard Phillips*

Morgantown, W. Va.

Howard Phillips's characterization of me as an "ivory tower elitist" is amusing indeed: perhaps it has not occurred to him that I attended the public schools of southern Indiana and am employed as a newspaperman in West Virginia, whereas Mr. Phillips cultivated his taste for Pabst Blue Ribbon and polyester at Boston Latin and Harvard, only to emerge several years later as a federal bureaucrat. Still, should I ever desire to hear what the Great Silent Majority is saying, I shall not hesitate to contact him: he gets on very well, I understand, with the boys at the Corner Bar—especially in his three-piece pinstripe suits.

But since Mr. Phillips has taken this occasion to respond to my article, and yet does so without once raising a substantive objection to its thesis, I must assume that he assents. That he should resort, however, to the *ad hominem* attack in fact only supports one aspect of its thesis—that those such as Phillips who call themselves "New Rightists" regard the free exchange of ideas as intolerable, since they have no place in their closed system for criticism and, as such, are anything but conservative. One could expect as much from a man who as late as June 1973 called Richard Nixon the "Savior of the Western World." *Alan Crawford*

EDITORIALS

Carter's Plain Talk

It would be foolish to deny that there are risks involved in President Carter's simple, stubborn adherence to the policy of speaking up for human rights all over the world. The most obvious one is that it could be turned into an argument for a missionary crusade of the kind that darkens the American past.

It is therefore surprising that the chauvinist Right in this country has not very visibly unfurled its banners and proclaimed its readiness to march on Moscow. Perhaps these veterans of the anti-Communist cause do not really believe that Carter means what he says and suspect that they will be abandoned if they advance too far against the entrenched lines of the enemies of liberty. But every sign should tell them that Carter does indeed mean what he says and that he will go on saying what he thinks about political repression in all its forms. That, however, may not lead where the Right would happily follow.

There is a geographical or sphere-of-interest aspect to these libertarian equations. It happens that the most evident protests against political repression have been taking place recently in the Russian domain. Therefore Carter finds himself having to answer (or not answer) a letter from Andrei Sakharov, the most eminent of the Russian protesters, and the State Department must acknowledge (or overlook) the nasty situation of the Czechs who subscribe to Charter 77 and are consequently being persecuted by their rulers.

If the President could soon find an occasion to comment with equal force on the violations of human rights in our own sphere—in Latin America, for instance—the Russians might find his strictures less galling. The Kremlin certainly knows that Washington has for many years winked at and turned its head from evidence of the most appalling behavior by "anti-Communist" despots whom we have sought out, installed and propped up wherever we had the influence to do so.

They would be entitled to think that if Carter keeps his eyes turned away from the outrages of the Shah of Iran, for another example, he is singling them out for some other purpose than to preach the morality of a higher level of civilization. They might even read new and sinister meanings into his language during the campaign when he questioned the benefits of détente.

One must wonder what the Americanologists of the Kremlin make of Carter's abrupt cutting off of our allowance to King Hussein of Jordan after *The Washington Post* revealed that he, among others, had a warm place for years in the hearts of the CIA's paymasters. That action is being strongly criticized by those elements of the Washington Establishment which cling nostalgically to the old ways and are determined to see Carter as naive, at least until he starts paying them heed.

To the more enlightened elements in the Kremlin that must have seemed like a bold stroke taken by a man who is determined to end the worst of the corrupt practices of the ingrained past. It may have looked ingenuous to them, an incomprehensible reflex of democratic moralism, bu

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they could not fail to notice that he took a risk on a matter of principle at a moment when Jordan may be the key element to a settlement in the Middle East. If he would take that chance, they might judge, perhaps he would dare to take others on the question of arms control for the superpowers.

It should be noted that the Russian protests against American "interference in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union" have not been at the highest level. Ambassador Dobrynin has been busy in Washington "making representations" and the Moscow press has taken the predictable line, but the decibels are still in the lower range of anguish. And, as the knowledgeable analyst of Soviet affairs, Victor Zorza, emphasizes (*The Manchester Guardian*, February 20), there are several signs in the higher reaches of the Russian apparatus that Moscow is of a mind to grasp a hand if one is extended.

One of the signs is the quite favorable comments that have been printed about Carter's appointments to State and Defense; Tass noted that Secretary of Defense Brown had not joined the chorus about increasing Russian military strength, that he had in fact made "a clear condemnation of the sinister prophecies of Laird, Schlesinger and Rumsfeld." The Kremlin has announced (and our hawks will discount) a five-year plan with an important increase in emphasis on consumer goods, as against military hardware. The new chief of staff of the Soviet armed forces, General Ogarkov, is believed to be more of a believer in the possibility of strategic arms control than was his predecessor; the Soviet military journals have moderated their opposition to the idea that nuclear war is unacceptable.

Certain segments of American opinion (Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan and his friends at *Commentary* magazine, for example) have been harping on what they call the "failure of nerve" in this country, meaning that our flabby elites no longer have the will or stamina to stand up to tyranny of the Communist kind (it doesn't matter about the rest). It would seem that the Russian elites are infected by the same debilitating virus. Or it could be that reasonable people on both sides have come to prefer plain common sense as an approach to the problems of nuclear confrontation. If that is so, President Carter's mildly stated insistence on the importance of basic human rights will have no bad effect on the relations of the governments of the two great powers, and could in the long run have a good effect on the civil decency of every nation.

Kissinger Emeritus

While the attention of Washington is fixed on the style of President Carter (weighing each act or gesture to see if it is made of the gold of sincerity or the dross of P.R.), a fascinating demonstration of the grand style of the *ancien régime* is being put on by Henry Kissinger in Acapulco. *The Washington Post* reported on February 19 that the Kissinger entourage includes, among the two dozen Secret Service agents assigned to him, frogmen who protect the former Secretary of State from sharks and other submarine menaces to his total security.

For all we know the file of threats to the life of the

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former Secretary of State may be an inch thick, and Gerald Ford may have been justified in demanding from Congress six months of Secret Service protection for Kissinger, and the same for former Vice President Rockefeller and Secretary of the Treasury Simon. But protection against sharks?

Is it mean-spirited to suggest that the American taxpayer need have no special obligation to protect its former servant from such natural underwater hazards as may lurk off Pichilingue Beach if he chooses to tempt fate in that agreeable way? What if Kissinger took up hang-gliding as a way of relaxing from his eight strenuous years under Nixon and Ford? Would we then be asked to pay for a circus net stretched the whole length of a cliff?

Moreover, the vigilant frogmen are not the only luxuries that Kissinger and his party of eight are enjoying at our expense. The *Post* reports that the Air Force flew him down there in one of its DC-9s and "ran another errand flight . . . later in the week." It would seem that this eminent celebrity is suffering from something like a case of the bends as he prepares to give up the perquisites he so ostentatiously used and thoroughly enjoyed.

It is not as if Kissinger could not afford to pay for these little luxuries out of his own pocket. His predictable take from those eight years of public service, and the consequent fame, is already put at $3.5 million, and that figure comes from just two deals and does not include foreign sales of his memoirs. One month out of office, Kissinger can appropriately be called a $6 million-dollar man, and there are some unpleasant aspects of his new prosperity.

He is cashing in at an unprecedented rate on what he learned while on the public payroll. He is, in effect, a self-made monopolist peddling the information (and reputation) he gained while serving the government of the United States in a position of the highest trust. And he has done his level best to preserve the exclusivity of what he has to sell by barring any access to his "monitored" telephone conversations and by severely restricting the rights of others to see his private (read "public") papers, which he has "donated" to the Library of Congress; they will not be available for twenty-five years if he has his way, but that is being challenged in court.

The public interest enters the story of Kissinger the millionaire in another way in the matter of his deal with NBC to be that commercial network's commentator on foreign affairs. (It can't be denied that he has "star quality," as they say in that grubby world.) The point is that for years to come his actions while he was in office will be a factor in the events about which he will be paid to comment. Will it be reasonable, then, to expect objectivity from his on-air performances? Would NBC call on him to analyze some new story of CIA bribery or murders abroad (and what amount of truth would one expect to find in his observations)? Try to imagine what Kissinger would say if a new war broke out in the Middle East and it was claimed that something he did or did not do had played an important part in causing it to happen. What could he say, or we believe, about his dealings with the Russians or the Chinese?

It is not a healthy arrangement that NBC and Kissinger have made, but one full of risks for both public policy and honest broadcasting. The motivation on both sides is not to inform the public on important matters of policy but to capitalize on the drawing power of one individual who acquired his celebrity in the service of this country. Another word for it is greed.

The Ethics of Bribery

The New York Times has come out two-square for bribery. The fact that it did so "uneasily" (in an editorial on February 23) justifies the qualification that the paper was only demi-forthright in its statement that "qualified discretion [to bribe] is preferable to unqualified morality."

In the wake of recent revelations, or allegations, that the CIA has for years kept King Hussein, Willy Brandt, the President of Venezuela, the ex-President of Chile, among others, on its secret payroll (there have been the usual denials), the *Times* comes out for a complicated policy that might be called Pragmatic Bribery in Lieu of War, to be supervised by the President himself, complete with "guidelines."

Risking the *Times*' thunder that we are Unqualified Moralists (perhaps in both senses), we would point out that the specific example the editorial gives of an O.K. case for secret bribery is the best argument one could invent for the wrongness of its proposed policy. It postulates an African country "torn by racial and factional strife" which could be saved from "bloodshed and international unrest affecting the United States" (the curtain of humane disinterest slipped for a moment) if we but passed half a million dollars to a leader who could put together a "coherent government" with that purse.

That, of course, was what Kissinger was trying to do in Angola (with two of the three factions) until Congress put a stop to it. Must we painfully recall that this was the rationale for all that "help" we gave to Diem, Khanh, Minh, Ky and finally Thieu in Vietnam?

The *Times* in this moralistic essay (despite the pragmatic disclaimers) is attempting to walk the fine line between what is right and what works. In our view, it stumbles off it on both sides. What it advocates is bad practice and bad morality.

All one need do to be persuaded of the falseness of the argument is to reverse the coin, so to speak, and imagine the bribing intervention of a foreign country in the politics of the United States. If any one of our friends or adversaries decided that some "discreet" bribery of candidate X was needed to beat the troublesome candidate Y, would the *Times* then smugly conclude that the bribery was justified because "in a volatile world, the need for flexibility is great"?

Early Returns on Griffin Bell

No Carter Cabinet nominee (save the unfortunate Theodore Sorensen) was as rudely received by the public, the media or the Senate as Griffin Bell. No nominee boasted a record of such apparent mediocrity—Bell's lukewarm support of civil rights and his enthusiastic en-

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dorsement of G. Harrold Carswell for the Nixon Supreme Court stood out, if that is the term—nor did any other nominee begin the confirmation process so inauspiciously as the would-be Attorney General, burdened as he was by the flap over his club memberships. It is appropriate, therefore, that no Cabinet member with the exception of Cyrus Vance has been watched so closely—and it is a pleasant surprise that, so far, the prevailing winds from the Justice Department have been more favorable than anyone but Carter expected.

Several of Bell's appointments to high posts in the department can be called excellent. It would be hard to improve on the choice of Wade McCree and Drew Days (both black) as Solicitor General and Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, respectively. The naming of Patricia Wald as Assistant Attorney General for Legislative Affairs and of Barbara Babcock as Assistant Attorney General for the Civil Division are equally laudable. By and large, these officials are younger, more liberal and more dynamic than would have been predicted by those familiar with Bell's past.

His most recent appointment, that of Pittsburgh Mayor Peter Flaherty as Deputy Attorney General, is puzzling; it must be said that Flaherty's main qualification seems to have been his early (and crucial) support of the Carter campaign in Pennsylvania, and that he is not popular among blacks in that state, having a poor record on civil rights. His talent is for tight budgets and hard-nosed administration, and it has been suggested that his tasks at Justice may lie in those areas.

To date, Bell's record of policy decisions has been mixed. On a recent *Face the Nation* broadcast and in a subsequent news conference, he stated that the Supreme Court ruling on the Austin, Texas school desegregation case had substantially changed the law in the direction of placing limits on the use of busing to remedy school segregation. Bell's remarks greatly alarmed civil rights lawyers, especially since they seemed to be based on a misinterpretation of an opinion signed by a minority of the Court. Such nonsupport of busing is consistent, of course, with Bell's—and Carter's—well-known lack of sympathy for that method of achieving racial balance.

A more encouraging step was Bell's promise to give "high priority" to a reinvestigation of the Wilmington Ten case (see *The Nation*, October 11, 1975). In that case—one of an apparently endless series that has demonstrated the extreme difficulty of winning fair trials for defendants who are poor, black and/or politically active—ten North Carolina civil rights workers were sent to jail for terms ranging from twenty-nine to thirty-four years for allegedly setting fire to a store and shooting at police. The original conviction was questionable, to say the least, and now the major prosecution witnesses have stated that their testimony was coerced in one instance and purchased in another. Bell's quick decision to examine the case shows a welcome sensitivity to the problem of racist miscarriages of justice.

It still seems unlikely that Bell's career will run parallel to that of Justice Hugo Black, whose nomination to the Supreme Court was nearly quashed because of his youthful membership in the Ku Klux Klan, and who went on to become one of the great defenders of civil rights. But Bell, like Black, has evidently been singed by the heat of opposition to his nomination, and has resolved to douse the flames with a flood of irreproachable decisions. We therefore venture to suggest others that would help build his record. There are more cases, some already tried and some in progress, in which Justice Department intervention could help correct the biased workings of Southern courts.

Three come to mind, all involving young black men who face ruined lives because of trials of highly dubious quality: Delbert Tibbs, charged with rape and murder in Florida; Gary Tyler, convicted of murder in Louisiana; and five teenagers charged with murder in Dawson, Ga. Vigorous federal inquiries into these and other such cases would not only be right in themselves but would firmly establish Attorney General Bell as a leading representative of the "new spirit" in which President Carter promised to govern.

England Revives the Star Chamber

Ramsey Clark

Someone must have traduced Joseph K., for without having done anything, he was arrested one fine morning.
—The Trial, *Franz Kafka*

As of this writing, England plans to deport former CIA Agent Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball, an American reporter, on March 1. We are not told why. The Home Secretary, Merlyn Rees, acting as Judge, Jury and Lord High Executioner Plenipotentiary, has decided they must go. His authority is absolute. They call it law.

Mr. Hosenball is a journalist. Had he committed an illegal act we must assume Mr. Rees, a law-and-order man, would prosecute him. His case, then, is like those in the USSR, Chile, Czechoslovakia or South Africa where offending foreign press representatives are often expelled—except that England is the land of Magna Carta.

Mr. Agee, though, worked for the CIA, and that inspires instant suspicion. His case wants examination. The conclusory charges against Mr. Agee are devastating. They involve that fear-inducing, undefined phrase, "the interests of national security." They imply the worst, but state nothing. Harm to "the national security" is the gravest offense against the state. It raises specters of treason, sabotage, the murder of officials or agents, the destruction of stable government. Such is the nature of public speculation about the case and it has been encouraged from on high. Dark references to "agents killed," "risking lives," have been attributed to the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary. They are unsupported by any allegation of fact.

Mr. Agee has been denied every element of due process of law. He was not given a single date, place, person,

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circumstance or purpose providing a factual basis for the charges. No opportunity was afforded to see or examine any evidence against him. The nature and cause of the accusations are a mystery. Unknown informants, assuming there are any, cannot be confronted or cross-examined. A denial, or explanation, and evidence in refutation cannot be directed to unknown contentions. A public trial was denied; all the evidence was offered by Mr. Agee himself. The only possible purpose therefore was to prevent press coverage of his presentation. It might be appealing, compelling, even true. The right to effective counsel in the hearing was denied, though the ablest of counsel is helpless against phantoms. The complainant, the prosecutor, the authors of the unknown evidence and the judge are all the same person in that all are accountable to the Prime Minister and his Home Secretary and none save the Home Secretary has any power. The absolute discretion vested in the Home Secretary is lawless. Justice William O. Douglas once described such power as ". . . more destructive of freedom than any of man's other inventions."

To demands that the charges be specific Mr. Rees has replied "That can't be brought out without risking the lives of people who work for the state." Is this credible? If Mr. Agee had "regular contacts" with foreign agents, do not all involved know it? What could they learn from the disclosure? If they exist, do they not assume from this proceeding that they are discovered?

The Cambodians must have suspected they were being bombed. The secret is from the people. But often there is no secret. It is the state employing the techniques of Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor and those "three powers alone, able to conquer and to hold captive forever the consciences of these impotent rebels for their happiness —mystery, miracle and authority." Under any circumstances, if a rule of law is to prevail, risk or not, the choice for government is to do nothing, or proceed in accord with due process of law.

The penalty of deportation is extreme. It uproots whole families, subjects them to financial ruin, exposes them to threats to their safety that may exist elsewhere, brands them undesirable. It creates international tension. History shows banishment, transportation of convicted persons to distant places and deportation to be punishment second only to death.

Philip Agee's life since he left the CIA in 1970 has been an open book. That is the real complaint. He has written a book, *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, and sought to communicate its content as widely as possible. He lectures constantly, writes articles, does research, makes speeches, gives interviews—all about the CIA. He believes the CIA has done bad things. He tries to inform (some say misinform) the world about it. He talks too much.

This is not a national security case; it is a free-speech case. The very charge and proceeding show it to be. Is there danger? Agee has not been arrested since he was served notice last November. He had lived in England for four years and had just completed renovation of a recently purchased house at Cambridge, where his teenage sons are in school. The order of deportation came in the form of a denial of his regular application for a twelve-month extension of stay.

He was charged only with "(*a*) regular contacts . . . with foreign intelligence officers," "(*b*) disseminating information harmful to the security of the United Kingdom . . .," "(*c*) has aided and counselled others in obtaining information for publication which could be harmful to the security of the United Kingdom."

All three charges involve by their own terms freedom of speech and association. Were the foreign intelligence officers American? Soviet? IRA? Is association—or, even less, "regular contact"—with foreign intelligence officers prohibited, whatever the purpose? Tea? Talk? Assassination? Is "disseminating information" or "[aiding] others in obtaining information for publication" less than free speech?

Agee has vigorously denied any wrongful conduct. He has endeavored to show by a massive and meticulous 84-page recitation, by days of testimony and by copies of his book, articles and interviews, everything he has done since graduating from Notre Dame University, where he was recruited by the CIA. He has done a great deal to disclose CIA activity. He has told all he knows (maybe more) about the CIA. It is dated now, except for what his new research may have developed. He denies any knowledge of British intelligence activities, or access to national security information in the United Kingdom. His entire CIA decade was spent in the Western Hemisphere. Many disagree ardently with Agee's statements. Many hate what he says. This of course presents the real test of the right to speak.

The Carter administration cannot selectively defend human rights without damaging the cause of human rights. It is more important to protest violations at home and among our best friends than in countries we oppose and criticize regularly. England is guilty of denying two Americans "due process of law." It has sought "silence coerced by law—the argument of force in its worst form," in Brandeis's words. Our government should protest because the rights of Americans it may disagree with are being violated by a friend. Then its commitment to principle is clear.

Merlyn Rees denied to the House of Commons that the CIA, "the American Government or any American agency" had contacted him when Members greeted his announcement of the deportations with cries of "Shame!" and "The CIA have demanded this." It is high time, then, that the American Government remonstrate with him in defense of freedom.

Freedom is embattled over the world. More and more it is seen as too dangerous, too weak. Authoritarian government is believed essential to effective action. Obedience to authority is required for national security. Basic human rights are regularly denied on five continents and in nations which include some with traditions of individual liberty: the Philippines, India, England.

The case is of the highest importance. At issue is whether the use of covert activities by foreign intelligence agencies is to be tested in the marketplace of public opinion, a process essential to the discovery and spread of political truth. The warlike proclivities of intelligence operations are a threat to survival. Dare we examine them? Our chance to know the truth depends on our courage to

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be free. This is yet another affirmation of Benito Juarez's admonition, "A respect for the rights of others is peace."

Mr. Clark read all the public documents in the Agee case and discussed the case with Mr. Agee and his lawyers. He testified on international due process of law, international rules relating to deportation and American law before the Lords' "Three Wise Men" appointed by the Home Secretary to advise him, urging that Mr. Agee either be accorded due process of law or left alone.

ENERGY'S POINT OF NO RETURN

Industry Hides from the Sun

HARVEY WASSERMAN

> *Now, in houses with a south aspect, the sun's rays penetrate into the porticos in winter, but in summer the path of the sun is right over our heads and above the roof so that there is shade. If, then, this is the best arrangement, we should build the south side loftier to get the winter sun, and the north side lower to keep out the cold winds.* —*Xenophon*, Memorabilia Socratia

In 1952, Harry Truman's Materials Policy Commission on Resources for Freedom reported that by 1975 there would be a market for 13 million solar-heated houses in the United States. But cheap oil, gas and coal—and Dwight Eisenhower's 1954 "Atoms for Peace" speech at the United Nations—nipped the solar industry in the bud.

Now the oil and gas crisis—the "Sputnik" of solar energy—has it going again. At the end of December 1975, a major study by the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) reported that "solar heating can now compete economically" with electric heat in New York and at least a dozen other Northern cities ranging in frigidity from Boston to Bismarck. "The technology is maturing quite rapidly," says Robert L. Hirsch, an ERDA solar research administrator. "Costs are coming down quite nicely."

According to the ERDA report, half the 866,000 single-family houses built in 1975 were equipped with electric heat, and the guess is that the same ratio held for 1976. The report said that every one of those houses could have been profitably fitted with solar heating features. In states like New York, where electricity costs are high, solar heating would pay for itself in ten years or less. Small wonder, then, that the Arthur D. Little think-tank recently reported that the solar industry could be in the billion-dollar-per-year class as early as 1980.

The ERDA report was just further confirmation of what a growing legion of natural energy researchers as well as environmentalists have been arguing for some time—that solar energy could rapidly supply a large share of America's energy needs, could in fact be the answer to the ever-growing problems of polluting, non-renewable fossil and nuclear power.

Solar energy and its wind, tidal and geothermal companions have been more or less relegated to sideshow status by the major energy corporations. In a well-planned and richly funded campaign, we've been treated over the last year or two to a long series of ads, speeches and pamphlets "proving" that, although the major corporations are doing their very best to develop natural energy technology, it just isn't "realistic."

The fact of the matter is, however, that the future of solar energy depends on politics, not on technological breakthroughs. "The basic groundwork has been laid and proven," says Fran Koster, a natural energy educator and organizer of a massive "Toward Tomorrow" fair at the University of Massachusetts last summer. "There is a lot of sophisticated work now in progress, and the future success is obvious. These are essentially very simple technologies, and when the implementation money finally does come, you're going to see some very amazing changes in the way energy is produced in this country."

Koster's optimism is shared by a large number of researchers and developers in the field, who recently received what amounts to their Magna Carta from a young energy researcher named Amory Lovins, whose major study on natural energy was published last November in *Foreign Affairs*. In a long, detailed analysis, Lovins demonstrated that a tough program of conservation, combined with rapid development of renewable energy technologies, could bring a total phase-out of not only nuclear but also fossil generating facilities in the United States by the third decade of the next century.

Lovins's plan, however, has as much to do with the localization of installations as with the further development of windmills and solar panels. "We really need no big plants of any kind," he told me in a telephone interview. "We could be running the country with no central power stations. Electricity costs twice as much in many cases to deliver as it does to generate, and pretty soon people are going to realize that generating power with nuclear reactors is like cutting butter with a chain saw."

Lovins's model is based on small-scale generation at

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the source of demand, with a drastic reduction in the emphasis on electrical use. "We already have an excess of electrical capacity in many places," he says. "And we also know that a generator next door is considerably more reliable than one miles away."

He sees a vast network of solar systems, windmills and the like—all locally controlled and maintained—as the basic premise of the natural energy argument. Hydroelectric power is still quite arguably the cheapest form of electrical generation, and its proponents claim its potential has been downgraded in the push to nuclear power. Wood has entered the picture as well, and detailed studies now available point to the world's vast remaining forests as a potential energy source of major importance. The forests in question are not, of course, virgin or wilderness stands, but those in places like New England and large areas of the West that have already been logged and are now in desperate need of thinning and other care. New breeds of fast-growing, high-bulk trees can be raised profitably for energy use.

Even garbage has become a factor. St. Louis now operates a $70-million trash-fired generating facility that disposes of the city's solid wastes while producing power and paying for itself by sorting and selling the recyclable materials. Other more exotic ways of distilling garbage into gas now also appear to be approaching cost-competitive status.

What it comes down to is an essentially unexplored energy frontier with limitless potential but an uncertain schedule, a schedule dependent, essentially, on the winds of politics. "There's no doubt what we can do," says Lovins, "but it may take several years to clear away institutional barriers." That last is a massive underestimate of the opposition.

Those institutional barriers amount to little less than the entire nuclear, fossil-fuel and utilities industries. In most cases, these powerful corporations are in an either/or position on natural energy—either it stays small, or they lose their huge investments. The utilities, for example, would find it difficult to collect bills on independently owned solar generating panels, and although both G.E. and Westinghouse are conducting solar research on grants from ERDA, there is an uneasy feeling among independent researchers and nuclear opponents that they may be more interested in protecting their multibillion-dollar stake in atomic power than in revolutionizing energy generation. As Sen. Gaylord Nelson recently told *The Christian Science Monitor,* "The suspicion is almost unavoidable that the giant firms, because of their large investments in nuclear technology, hope that solar energy will not gain rapidly."

"I have no doubt," adds Prof. William Heronemous, "that the major utilities have played a role in sabotaging natural energy development. They certainly have a lot to lose." Heronemous is a University of Massachusetts engineer, and one of the world's leading experts on wind energy. His own plans for massive wind generators off the Atlantic coast have fallen on deaf ears at ERDA, but a small-scale windmill of his design recently received some federal money after Heronemous and his coworkers had spent years scraping together bits and pieces of financing to keep the project alive.

Like others in the field, Heronemous is reluctant to level charges of direct sabotage against anyone. But until now government money for solar research—even in the face of the energy crisis—has been scarce. The final Ford administration's allocation of $250 million to $300 million is an improvement over previous years, but still a drop in the bucket when compared to federal money devoted to the atom. [See "Nuclear Energy on the Dole" by Bruce L. Welch, *The Nation*, February 26.] A change may come now that Carter is in office, but so far ERDA has been staffed more by holdovers from the old Atomic Energy Commission than by solar pioneers. "There's not so much a conspiracy as a strongly held ERDA view that natural energy is not where it's at," says Lovins. "The nuclear business is very complicated, and people aren't giving time to other things. You don't need to impute conspiratorial bad faith to get the same results."

Others are less kind. Large grants to G.E. and Westinghouse for solar energy products have annoyed the opponents of nuclear power who feel the money should have gone to independent researchers without such a clear stake in competing technologies. At the same time, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Plum Brooke windmill project at Sandusky, Ohio, has done little to encourage confidence in the government's enthusiasm for a solar solution. The multimillion-dollar 100-kilowatt machine was brought on line in October 1975, but has been plagued with malfunctions. Among other things, critics charge that the designers of the 100-foot windmill ignored the advice of their own consultants and repeated many of the mistakes encountered in earlier projects.

One of the grislier clashes between nuclear and natural energy has come in New Hampshire, where state workers have inexplicably taken to destroying hydroelectric facilities that were supposedly being put into mothballs. While New Hampshire's archconservative Gov. Meldrim Thomson pushed hard for a controversial $2 billion, 2,300-megawatt nuclear facility at the coastal town of Seabrook (*The Nation*, September 11, 1976), his government has mysteriously allowed some twenty hydroelectric facilities to sit idle, including the Lochmere dam at the town of Tilton. Thomson had assured local authorities that work on the 800-kilowatt facility would be limited to a canal there, but James B. Walker, a local businessman, later charged that "when work started, one of the first things done was to smash out the turbines and dynamite the inlet structure in the powerhouse." President of a local conservation society, Walker wrote in a public letter that "there is a formerly large, but presently untapped reservoir of energy in New Hampshire," and wondered what could possibly be the "rationale behind the apparent ongoing action in abandoning hydropower in New Hampshire."

Similar charges have been leveled in other states, where it is said that hydro facilities have been abandoned and many coal- and oil-fired plants allowed to fall into disarray, while state authorities argue for nuclear expansion. An essential part of Lovins's analysis is his

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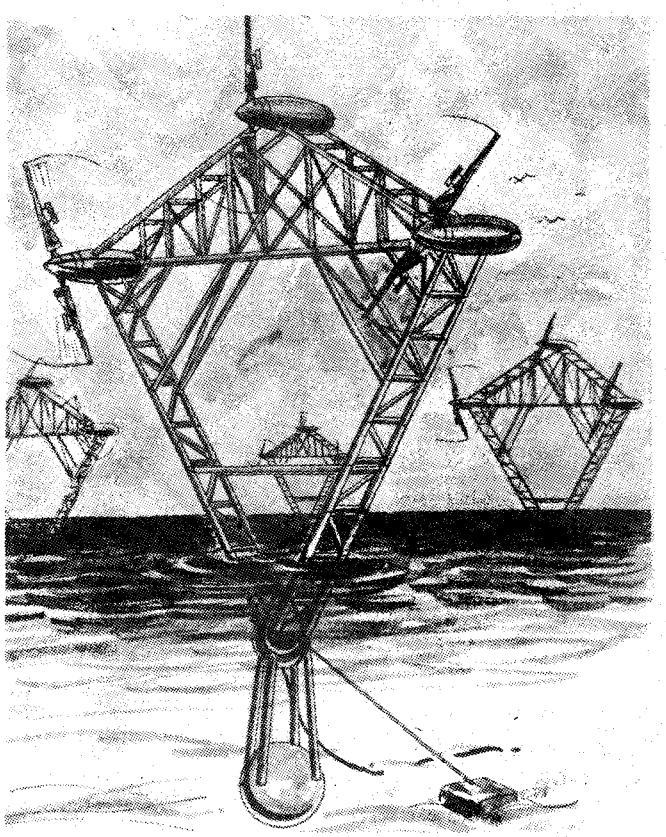
contention that existing sources of power could easily tide the country over until massive application of solar technologies were made ready. But the validity of that assertion depends obviously on the present and potential capacity of current facilities, and it is here that some of the bitterest battles may be fought. In that context, the New Hampshire situation, and others like it, are alarming, to say the least.

But another, perhaps key factor in the economics of the question has until recently been given scant attention by the environmentalists. It is the factor of jobs. For some time now, the construction trades unions and their colleagues on the AFL-CIO labor councils have been the shock troops of the nuclear industry, serving as its most visible and vocal supporters. Nuclear construction, they claim, means jobs.

True enough, nuclear projects result in several thousand high-paying positions for a period of five to ten years. There has been up to 50 percent unemployment among the construction trades for the past few years, and for them nuclear construction is powerfully attractive. But, at least in the abstract, the jobs argument has become increasingly the property of natural energy proponents. "You couldn't find a worse way to spend money with long-term jobs in mind than nuclear construction," says Koster. "Almost every study I've seen indicates that energy is on the bottom of the list of job-producing industries, and the nukes are lowest on the energy list."

Atomic construction is heavily capital-intensive, which means that it soaks up large quantities of expensive building material and equipment for plants which, when completed, will use relatively little labor. It takes, after all, less than 200 workers to operate a 2,300-megawatt nuclear power plant.



The Heronemous North Atlantic Power Generators

Renewable energy, on the other hand, involves costs of 50 percent or more on the labor side. Indeed, a recent draft legislative report on "Energy and Employment in New York State" argued that the conservation industry alone would provide three times as many jobs per dollar as fossil or nuclear energy plants. Wood and wind energy would produce jobs at rates of one and a half to six times that of conventional sources, and the statistics in other renewable energy fields are comparable.

The argument has gained some force among unions such as the woodworking trades, the United Auto Workers, which pioneered anti-nuclear interventions on health grounds, and the United Mine Workers, who have an obvious economic stake in the slowdown of nuclear power. The job appeal also attracted the support of Ed Sadlowski, the maverick Steelworker.

But the argument doesn't weigh much with unions whose jobs are on the line today. "Essentially our position is that nuclear power is here," says Tony Mazzochi of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW). Mazzochi's union has been highly critical of both the nuclear industry and the government on issues of health and safety. But Mazzochi's position is still "that solar energy will not create jobs for people who are distressed at the moment. It's a question of the guys that are going to build that plant—jobs for whom, and where. It's one thing to be against nuclear power because it's dangerous; it's another thing to talk on the jobs issue. Because for the anti-nuke people, the jobs issue is a losing line."

What loses about that line, of course, is not that natural energy sources and conservation won't create jobs, but that the jobs aren't available right now, and when they become available may not be the highly skilled, high-paying union jobs provided by heavy nuclear construction. The Oregon experience with bottle recycling has proven that conservation can and does create *more* jobs—but that the jobs are largely unskilled and, quite often, nonunion. A similar situation exists in the housing trades, which would be the ones most likely to benefit from the growth of a solar panel industry, and it would probably be true throughout much of the nascent natural energy field. Thus to a large extent the labor hostility is aroused not so much by the threat to present jobs as by fears about *what kind* of jobs, and what type of unions—if any—natural energy will promote.

Organized labor in Europe, Japan and Australia is far more sharply divided on the nuclear question. Railroad unions in Australia have balked at handling even raw uranium for fear of promoting worldwide nuclear proliferation, while in Japan electrical unions that stand to benefit directly from nuclear construction have been opposed to it.

So far, however, the pro-solar forces here have had to content themselves with lining up whatever union support they can get while pushing the point that some of

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the pro-nuclear unions are as tightly bound to the economic investments of the nuclear industry as are the executives themselves. It is here that the bothersome conflict between environmentalists and organized labor has been most damaging, and it is here also, unfortunately, that the long-range future of solar energy may be decided. Without substantial labor support, the financing needed to bring large-scale applications of renewable energy technologies on line are hard to envision. And it could well be that an appeal to the unskilled, unorganized and "invisible" working population may ultimately be the one with the most force.

For, despite the battle of conflicting interests, the solar industry is growing fast. It is now possible to order solar heating and cooling hardware, solar water heaters, solar swimming pool heaters, windmills and other natural energy apparatus from any of a hundred separate companies. A partial catalogue of those in the business reads like this: Solaron, Sunenergy, Sunearth, Suntek, Sun Wind, Sunworks, Northwind, Windworks, Earthwind, Kedco, Electro, Heliotrope, Helion, Solector, Sunsave, Solar Survival, Daystar, Total Environmental Action and so on. Henry Marvin, ERDA solar director, likens the market to the days before Henry Ford, "where you had a car that cost whatever the entrepreneur who just made it could get for it."

But indications are that the industry is a good deal further along than that. It is now possible to build solar features into a new house for as little as $3,000 to $6,000, depending on what percentage of the heating you want to cover. Prices are higher for fitting houses already standing, but as fossil and nuclear fuel prices soar, the pay-back period shrinks from the ten-year rule of thumb.

At the same time, basic advances seem to be making natural technology cheaper by the day. A recent University of Delaware breakthrough in the development of solar cells designed to generate electricity is expected to drop the cost of the cells by at least 26 percent, and to put the project a full two years ahead of schedule. What makes that figure remarkable is that the projections were made just two years ago. "We expect to be five years ahead by the early 1980s," says Dr. Alan Barnett, director for the university's Institute of Energy Conversion. "We're talking seriously about a 'per acre' and 'square mile' technology. And once you've deployed the stuff, it'll stay there and keep producing forever."

The innovation at Delaware involves cadmium and copper sulfide cells, but parallel work is also being done in silicone-based cells. Developers in both fields quote cost figures for cell production in the 1980s that would make their use competitive with nuclear energy, although they also caution that the ability to mass-produce the cells may be limited for some time.

Professor Heronemous, however, expresses no such reservations. "If this were war," he says, "we'd have these things out in a year." An outspoken critic of nuclear power, Heronemous claims that 20 percent or more of the East's energy needs could be met by large-scale windmills off the Atlantic Coast by the year 2000. Meanwhile, he is working on small-scale machines. "We're shooting for a production-line version of wind-powered electric heaters to sell for less than $9,000. There are very few who think we can do it, but we're hoping to see 9 million in operation in the next twenty years."

The chief technological hurdle to natural energy generation is storage, for the batteries currently available make holding electricity over cloudy or windless stretches prohibitively expensive. But ultimately politics will decide how far and how fast renewable sources become available. The bulk of new information on natural energy shows clearly that it has arrived. How fast it is incorporated into society depends on such "nontechnological" factors as ERDA budgets, who the recipients of future research and development grants are to be and, ultimately, the willingness of the government and the public to practice conservation while the gaps in solar technology are being filled.

Here will be the true test of the Carter administration's energy policy. If the government is willing to crack down on energy wastage and to allocate the needed billions—not just millions—to get the solar industry moving as fast as it should move, nuclear power could very quickly take its place alongside the Edsel in the Hall of Obsolete Technologies.

It would be naive, however, to wait for such changes from on high. In the long run the advancement of solar technology will depend on the ability of the environmental side to make a case for it as an efficient, job-producing energy source that is cheap and available to everyone.

When the movement attains the necessary critical mass, we will see windmills, solar panels and their attendant armies of tradespeople swarming all over the unpolluted landscape. □

Lethal Seepage of Nuclear Waste

ROBERT KAPER

Oil spills, exhaust fumes, asbestos fibers, Kepone: as the pace of worldwide industrialization increases, the list of environmental pollutants grows longer and longer. But while PCB and DDT make headlines, the most deadly pollutants on the list—the radioactive by-products released by the nuclear power industry—go almost unnoticed. There are two reasons: first, unlike the sludge that blackens beaches and the yellow smog that shrouds large cities, radioactive pollutants are invisible; second, their effects—cancer and birth defects—do not appear until years after contamination has taken place.

Whether noticed or not, large amounts of lethal radio-

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activity already have escaped into the air and water. And if the transition to nuclear energy continues, the rate of radioactive pollution is certain to increase. The Environmental Protection Agency, while cautioning that it lacks the hard data to make definite predictions of the health hazards from radioactive pollution, has concluded that its effect on public health will be "significant" and "particularly large" for certain kinds of radioactive substances.

For example, the EPA predicts that by the year 2000, if current standards are maintained, "planned releases" of radioactive substances will have accounted for approximately 14,000 "health effects" (cancer and birth defects). But as the agency itself points out, the projection is based on minimum estimates of future radiation release by only a portion of the nuclear industry. The estimates do not include the inevitable leakage from radioactive waste, contamination resulting from accidents and from radon gas, responsible for a type of cancer that is nearly 100 percent fatal, and radioactive dust released during uranium mining.

Many critics of nuclear energy consider the EPA estimates worthless. "The real risks are much greater," says a researcher for Critical Mass, a Ralph Nader organization that is studying the nuclear industry. "The problems involved in preventing radioactive waste from leaking into the environment are insurmountable."

The Energy Research and Development Administration (successor to the Atomic Energy Commission) is more optimistic than its critics. ERDA has consistently maintained that a federal repository for "permanent geologic storage of high-level wastes," the radioactive pieces of split uranium atoms resulting from nuclear fission, will some day be established. Yet after more than thirty years of producing the waste, ERDA still hasn't built the repository or even decided definitely where it is to be located.

The General Accounting Office estimates that by the end of the century the nuclear industry will have produced 265 million gallons of high-level liquid waste from the reprocessing of spent nuclear fuel. The concentration of radioactivity in such waste is so great that if it were pumped into holes drilled deep into the earth—as one disposal scheme proposed—it would melt the surrounding rock. The high-level waste so far produced has been stored temporarily in steel tanks which must be continuously cooled. Many of the tanks have sprung leaks and spilled hundreds of thousands of gallons of the deadly liquid into the ground.

In addition to high-level waste, the nuclear industry will have produced by the year 2000 more than a billion cubic feet of "low-level" waste—enough to pave a four-lane coast-to-coast highway a foot thick. In the past, low-level waste was defined as any radioactive waste that was not high-level. It could include anything from objects that were only suspected of being contaminated to dangerous, long-lasting substances like radium and plutonium. Recently, plutonium and other artificial elements have been placed in an intermediate category called transuranic waste. Studies by the EPA, the U.S. Geological Survey and the GAO have revealed serious deficiencies in low-level waste-disposal procedures which have resulted in contamination of streams and water tables.

Former Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D., Calif.), then head of the House Conservation, Energy, and Natural Resources Subcommittee, which recently investigated low-level waste disposal, said at the conclusion of the hearings, "We may have to face the realization that it just may not be possible to guarantee the containment of radioactive wastes over the ages until they are harmless to mankind."

Although leakage from nuclear wastes may be the main source of contamination, every phase of the nuclear fuel cycle—from the mining of uranium ore to the reprocessing of spent nuclear fuel—releases radioactivity into the environment. Pollution begins at the mines as dust and gas from the digging operations drift into the atmosphere. More dust and gas escape from the processing mills where the ore is crushed and chemically treated to extract the uranium. Wind and rain scatter radioactive particles from the tailings, waste rock, which are piled in the open outside the mills. Radon gas diffuses from them continuously.

Acid used to extract uranium from the ore is pumped into settling ponds to remove most, but not all, of the radioactive particles. What remains is diverted into nearby rivers. The still-secret enrichment process, which raises the percentage of U235, the fissionable form of uranium in nuclear fuel, releases an unknown amount of radioactive aerosols and gases into the atmosphere. Here again, contaminated water from settling ponds is regularly discharged into nearby waterways.

Atomic power plants vent radioactive gas and steam and pump coolant water containing small amounts of radioactivity back into the rivers from which the water came. Spent fuel rods from the reactor are stored temporarily in cooling ponds near the plants, awaiting reprocessing. Because of technical problems, however, no commercial reprocessing plants are operating in the United States, so the highly radioactive fuel rods are rapidly filling up the available space.

Reprocessing is the step in the nuclear cycle that creates the most dangerous radioactive by-products. In this operation, the fuel rods are chopped up and dissolved in nitric acid to remove the still-usable uranium and the newly formed plutonium. What remains is the high-level waste mentioned earlier.

Nuclear Fuel Services, a subsidiary of Getty Oil, ran the only commercial fuel reprocessing plant in the country at West Valley, N.Y., near Buffalo until it decided to get out of the business. Redesigning the operation to meet new government safety standards imposed while the plant was temporarily shut down for expansion would have made further reprocessing unprofitable. The company left behind more than 600,000 gallons of high-level waste which it wants to turn over to the state of New York. An ERDA-contracted study has estimated that to dispose of it could cost as much as $540 million.

The same basic reprocessing operation also produces

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plutonium for nuclear weapons. The high-level waste thus created is stored in underground tanks at two facilities which operate under ERDA contracts—the Savannah River plant at Aiken, S.C., run by duPont, and the Hanford Works at Richland, Wash., run by a subsidiary of Atlantic Richfield Company.

Half of the tanks at the Savannah River plant have leaked at one time or another. Although secondary barriers have confined most of the leakage, several hundred gallons have seeped into the soil and contaminated the underlying ground water. The current ERDA contractor at Richland, Atlantic Richfield Hanford Co. (ARHCO) and its predecessors have had less success containing their leakage. Since the 1940s, eighteen of Hanford's tanks have spilled 430,000 gallons of high-level waste. From 1956 through 1958, 31 million gallons of partially decontaminated but still highly radioactive high-level waste were deliberately poured into the ground.

Regulations are tighter now but the waste is still getting away. In 1973, a Hanford leak that was undetected for forty-eight days spilled 115,000 gallons. Although weekly readings of the tank levels showed loss of fluid, the supervisor responsible said that he had been too busy to check further. An investigation by the AEC found that the absence of a "quality assurance" program had contributed to the delay in finding the leak. Yet the year before, the commission had approved a proposal from ARHCO to eliminate that program because of its expense. During a GAO investigation of the Hanford works in 1974, the AEC discovered thirty tanks that had not been monitored for at least two or three years—three of them not since 1949. The AEC said that it expected the leakage to get worse as the tanks got older.

Because it is so difficult to store high-level waste in liquid form, ERDA is testing ways to solidify it. Thus far, one method has had some success but can be used to solidify only acidic high-level wastes, less than 5 percent of the accumulated total. Although all high-level waste is originally acidic, that from the production of plutonium is neutralized so that it can be stored in tanks made of carbon steel instead of the more expensive stainless steel.

Since the neutralized waste can't be completely solidified, it must periodically be moved into new tanks as the old ones corrode and begin to leak. Unfortunately, engineers at Richland have been unable to figure out how to get the several hundred thousand tons of waste out of their tanks. The contents have partially crystallized and can no longer be pumped. Digging it out would scatter large amounts and create a severe radiation hazard. Pumping water back into the tanks to reliquefy the sludge would open up old leaks which have been plugged by the sediment. Cost estimates of either method range from $2 billion to $20 billion.

With all these difficulties and the fact that the Richland site is contaminated beyond redemption, ERDA has seriously considered paving the whole area and abandoning it. This would mean that, as the tanks corrode, the waste will eventually escape and seep into the ground.

Since constant maintenance is necessary to prevent overheating and control leakage, tank storage is at best only a temporary solution. Ideally, ERDA would like to isolate the waste in some heatproof and waterproof location deep underground. But where? For a while, the AEC planned to use a Kansas salt mine, but had to abandon the site when engineers discovered that oil prospectors had drilled a number of exploratory wells in the ground above the mine. Then in 1972, the AEC decided to store all new high-level waste for 100 years or so in a Retrievable Surface Storage Facility, until they could figure out what to do with it. Huge casks containing the waste were to have been shipped by rail from reprocessing plants in New York, South Carolina and Illinois to the storage site somewhere out West.

Commenting on this scheme in 1974, Dr. Frank Pittman, then director of the AEC's Division of Waste Management and Transportation, said: "There are available today proven methods for managing the high-level waste from the nuclear industry . . . the bugaboo of waste management cannot logically be used as a rationale for delays." A year later, with no explanation whatever, the commission dropped the whole idea. So, far from being a proven method, the Surface Storage Facility never left the drawing board.

ERDA officials testified before Congress last summer that they plan to store the waste underground, starting in 1985. However, since the agency has just this year begun a nationwide search for a suitable location, the 1985 date seems optimistic.

Although not nearly as dangerous as high-level wastes, low-level wastes may pose an even greater disposal problem because of their huge volume. For years, plutonium, uranium, radium and other dangerous low-level wastes were encased in concrete in ordinary steel drums and dumped into the ocean. One of the dump sites is less than 50 miles from San Francisco. From 1946 until the practice was stopped in 1970, the United States alone dumped more than 85,000 drums in the Atlantic and Pacific.

In 1975, an EPA survey team, using the research submarine *Alvin*, located some of the sites and inspected several of the drums. The pressure had crushed and broken open many of them, releasing the contents. One drum contained no concrete at all, only an inner coating of tar. The United States no longer dumps radioactive materials into the ocean, but other countries, including Great Britain, Belgium, The Netherlands and Switzerland, still do. The British package their wastes in steel drums containing asphalt. They make no attempt to prevent corrosion and eventual leakage, assuming that the ocean is big enough to dilute the escaping radioactivity to harmless levels.

Ocean dumping is regulated by an international treaty which controls the amount and type of materials disposed of and the locations. Unfortunately, Great Britain gets rid of even more of its radioactive wastes by piping it directly into the Irish Sea, a method that is completely unregulated. France does not bother with dumping at all but simply pumps its low-level liquid wastes into the North Sea.

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Now that this country has stopped ocean dumping, most low-level wastes are buried in unlined trenches, like ordinary garbage. At present, there are six commercial and five federal burial sites. The commercial sites are licensed by the states in which they are located under an agreement with the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), the other half of the old AEC. In theory, the trenches are dug in areas where the geological conditions are such that the radioactive material will be confined in the trench. In practice, however, at least three federal sites and two commercial ones have been leaking radioactivity, in some cases into nearby streams. At a site operated by the Nuclear Engineering Company at Maxey Flats, Ky., state investigators found plutonium 800 feet from the trenches. The trenches are supposed to contain the substances until they become harmless—500,000 years for plutonium—yet in less than ten years some had escaped.

Although the NRC claims that all burial sites received a "favorable response" from the U.S. Geological Survey, representatives of that agency say they were not given "the necessary time to truly evaluate the sites." In some cases state authorities asked the USGS merely to review data supplied by the company applying for a license, the USGS's opinion being requested after the sites had been selected. A GAO investigation concluded that the sites were selected not for their ability to contain radioactivity but because they were on government land and close to customers.

Once the dump site is filled, the contractor's obligation ends and the responsibility for maintenance operations such as monitoring for leakage, guarding against theft, and pumping water out of trenches reverts to the state. Officials of the states in which the sites are located have gradually come to realize that because of the extremely long half-lives of plutonium and other buried substances, maintenance operations must continue virtually forever. To pay for this "perpetual care," some states are setting up trust funds, but none of them is large enough to handle major emergency measures or corrective actions that may sometimes be required. As usual, the action is being taken after the fact, after the dumping has been going on for years.

The government's dismal regulatory performance to date offers little hope that its "we'll-cross-that-bridge-when-we-come-to-it" attitude will change in the future. Policies and regulations dealing with nuclear pollution continue to be developed piecemeal and sporadically. The AEC first required "zero migration" of radioactivity from low-level trenches. When the trenches began to leak, the standard was relaxed so that existing conditions became acceptable.

This laissez-faire approach to regulation may be due in part to the composition of the NRC. According to a study released by Common Cause, 65 percent of the commission's top officials come from businesses having contracts with it. Allied Chemical, Gulf Oil, Union Carbide, ARCO, the Bechtel Corporation, General Electric and the other companies that operate the nuclear industry, are by their very nature as moneymaking enterprises inherently disposed to dump whatever they can't use into the nearest river. Every control imposed, every precaution taken, every filter installed takes another bite out of the profits.

The attitude of James Neel, president of Nuclear Engineering, is typical of the corporate viewpoint. In his testimony before the House panel on radioactive waste, Neel attempted to minimize the danger of the plutonium found leaking from his company's trenches by claiming that it could be "safely shielded with a mere piece of paper." An EPA official called the remark "completely irresponsible," adding, "only one type of radiation given off by plutonium can't penetrate paper and those parts of the body where it concentrates don't have even that little bit of protection."

Neel maintained that the amount of plutonium that escaped was below the permissible limits and would be highly diluted "by the time it does get into drinking water supplies." This excuse, which in one form or another invariably accompanies any discussions of radioactive contamination, ignores two crucial points. First, radioactivity is concentrated by living things as it moves up the food chain. Second, although the amounts discharged at each location may never exceed acceptable limits (except for occasional accidents), the radioactivity from the mines, mills, reprocessing plants, reactors and dumps all over the world will eventually add up to a significant amount. According to the latest ERDA figures, nineteen countries already have functioning atomic power plants and thirteen more are constructing them. Oil-rich Nigeria is currently negotiating with West Germany for its own nuclear facilities and Iran is doing the same with the United States.

Since there is no international control over radioactive discharge other than the ocean-dumping treaty, each of these countries can determine its own acceptable limits and enforce them as strictly or as loosely as it chooses. Unfortunately, the technical problems and great expense involved in preventing radioactive pollution create an overwhelming temptation to cut corners.

Exiled Russian physicist Zhores Medvedev recently reported that careless disposal procedures apparently caused a nuclear waste dump in the Soviet Union to blow up, killing hundreds of people. Three years ago, engineers at the Hanford works had to take special emergency measures when they discovered that a waste-disposal trench contained enough plutonium to "go critical." Citing this incident and others, a confidential ERDA study made public in September by Ralph Nader said that the government's treatment of radioactive wastes had been "marred in a sufficient number of instances to be a cause for concern" and that a "major radioactive waste problem already exists in the United States."

Yet, despite the unanswered questions and unavoidable dangers, the United States and the other industrialized nations of the world have already made a commitment to "go nuclear." Ten percent of the electricity generated in the United States now comes from atomic power; 13 percent is expected by 1985. The export of nuclear technology is too big a source of revenue for the countries engaged in it, Canada, France, West Germany, and the United States, to give up. Oil companies, hedging their

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bets against the day the reserves dry up, have invested heavily in the nuclear industry.

Barring any serious accidents such as the one in the Soviet Union, the conversion to clean, quiet nuclear power will, on the surface at least, appear to be a good thing: no more smoke from coal and oil boilers, no more rivers fouled from coal mine wastes, and no more oil spills. The only drawback will be a steady rise in the cancer rate. But by the time the increase is noticed, it may be too late to do anything about it. Cancer already kills 370,000 persons a year in the United States alone. It would take many thousands of additional deaths from nuclear pollution to make a significant difference in the statistics. By then, the world may be so dependent on nuclear power that a choice between it and a less deadly energy source will no longer be possible. □

CUBA: UPDATE ON A REVOLUTION

L. S. STAVRIANOS

Traveling in Cuba is a poignant experience for an American citizen. Cuba was the scene of President Kennedy's jarring setback at the Bay of Pigs in April 1961. Cuba also was the generator behind the Alliance for Progress launched in August 1961 to checkmate Castroism by stimulating economic development and mass well-being in Latin America. But Cuba today is the only Latin American country where these Populist aspirations of the Alliance for Progress have been realized. Its success, paradoxically, has reversed the continental drift envisioned by the Kennedy strategy. Instead of a reformed and prosperous Latin America turning its back on Cuba, it is Cuba which is becoming, according to a recent Staff Report of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "a Socialist showcase in the Western Hemisphere." (Pat M. Holt in *Cuba: A Staff Report Prepared for the Use of the Committee on Foreign Relations.*)

This "showplace" is an increasingly enticing model for the surrounding Caribbean islands, wracked by poverty and racial resentments. Consequently the new Carter administration now must cope with a far more explosive Caribbean than that which confronted the new Kennedy administration sixteen years ago. President Kennedy privately blamed the Bay of Pigs disaster on "experts" upon whom he depended excessively for information and guidance. Will the new White House occupant benefit from his predecessor's mishap, or will he also depend on such Latin American "experts" as Nelson Rockefeller, who currently is clamoring that "Castro has to be stopped" in order to forestall a takeover of the United States by Castro-inspired revolutionaries wearing dashikis and speaking Swahili? (*New Times*, September 17, 1976.)

Fidel Castro perceptively analyzed the Alliance for Progress strategy as "intelligent but utopian." It committed the participating governments to a ten-year, $100 billion program of tax and land reforms designed to stimulate a 2.5 per cent rate of annual economic growth. But tax and land reforms, as Castro pointed out, could be effected only at the expense of foreign corporations and local landowners who had the power to block such reforms and could be counted on to do so.

This diagnosis proved itself correct almost immediately. Both the foreign corporations and native landowners denounced the Alliance as being Communist-inspired because it emphasized government reform rather than private investment. After the assassination of Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon reverted to the traditional Washington policy of direct and indirect support for American corporations and their local allies. Chase Manhattan's David Rockefeller lauded "the development of a more favorable business climate," and American private investments in Latin America rose from $9 billion in 1959 to $13 billion in 1970.

In April of the latter year, Sen. Edward Kennedy delivered a devastating post-mortem on his brother's Alliance project. "It is a personal tragedy that I can repeat nearly the same somber facts about Latin America that President Kennedy cited in 1960 and that Robert Kennedy cited in 1966." In every field of life, he explained, the Alliance had failed miserably. "The Alliance for Progress has been a human failure" with 30 per cent of the population still dying before the age of 40, and with poverty, malnutrition and disease ravaging the majority of people. "The Alliance has been an economic failure," the Senator added, with the rate of economic growth averaging only 1.8 per cent, or less than it had been before the program began. "The Alliance has been a social failure," he concluded, with 90 per cent of the land in some countries owned by 10 per cent of the population, with one-third of the rural labor force unemployed, and the cities incapable of absorbing this vast and rapidly expanding mass of human beings.

Even the most casual traveler in Cuba must become aware that Senator Kennedy's melancholy litany of "human," "economic" and "social" failure does not apply to that island. Children everywhere are obviously well-nourished. All wear shoes that protect them from hookworm and other infections. They attend school rather than loiter on streets and beg for pennies. The elimination of racism is apparent not only in the strict legal injunctions but also in the easy naturalness of relations among whites, blacks and mulattoes, and in the plentiful evidence of mixed marriages. Prostitutes and beggars may not have been entirely eliminated, but I observed none during a fortnight's traveling, both guided and unguided, in

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Havana and the provinces. Havana itself is not ringed by the slums of the unemployed and underemployed that disfigure other Latin American capitals. Indeed Cuba's economy is hindered by manpower shortage rather than by the unemployment rates of 20 to 40 per cent that plague the rest of Latin America.

Perhaps most surprising are the myriad signs of mass activization and participation, especially by contrast with the common American assumptions of Communist authoritarianism. An extraordinarily large percentage of the population is involved in one or more of such mass organizations as the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, Central Organization of Trade Unions, Federation of Cuban Women, National Association of Small Farmers, Federation of University Students, Federation of Secondary Education Students, and Union of Pioneers of Cuba.

The Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, for example, were organized in 1960 when the revolution was seriously threatened by counterrevolutionaries at home and by militant exiles abroad. Their principal function was to combat subversion, and there is still a certain amount of such activity. But with the revolution now well consolidated, the CDRs have assumed numerous other functions, serving as a kind of ombudsman or intermediary between the people and the bureaucracy. They organize the parents of children, act as truant officers, arrange for vaccination programs, collect and recycle waste materials, and prepare contingency plans for natural disasters such as hurricanes. The leaders of the CDRs and the other mass organizations spend long hours in such extracurricular endeavors, striving earnestly to transform into social reality the omnipresent slogans on the theme of *Poder Popular* or People's Power.

Surface impressions such as the above were reinforced for me by inquiries into selected aspects of Cuban society. Driving in Havana with a member of the Cuban diplomatic service, I noted an elderly man sweeping the street. "Your children," I told the diplomat, "obviously will enjoy a richer cultural background and more educational opportunities than the children of that street sweeper. Will not those differences in early life lead to the virtually hereditary social, if not class, disparities that now characterize Soviet society?" His response, along with further queries and later first-hand observations, opened up the fascinating and seemingly quite successful system of revolutionary Cuban education.

"At first there will be many differences among our children," replied the diplomat, "but later they will be mostly erased by the ESBECs" or High Schools in the Countryside (Escuelas Secondarias Basicas en el Campo). These are new rural boarding schools, 100 of which existed in 1974, and another 100 to be built each year until 1980, when they will be able to enroll almost all the secondary students in the country.

These ESBECs are expensive. In addition to the initial outlay for the school buildings, the students receive free clothing, food, housing, books, and fortnightly weekend transportation to and from their homes. One estimate puts the yearly cost to the government at $750 per student per year—a substantial sum for an underdeveloped country. That is one reason why physical work is combined with study from elementary school through university. Castro has stated that, unless students work hard to defray the cost of their education, the alternative must be the pre-revolutionary system of education for a small elite.

Farm lands are set aside for cultivation by students at all levels. Half the students and teachers work on the ESBEC land in the morning, while the other half attend classes. In the afternoons they exchange positions. By the 1980s, it is expected, the productive work of the students and teachers will make the ESBECs self-supporting. This work-study program also has an ideological objective—to raise a generation with strong communal feelings and free of the traditional Latin aversion to and disdain for manual labor.

This aim is manifest at Havana University, where in 1972 nearly 16,000 students combined work with study, while another 14,000 workers registered for courses and continued with their regular jobs. The ultimate goal is to transform the university into a vast complex of schools, factories, hospitals and mines, where the distinction between workers and students will gradually disappear. "A university," Castro insists, "cannot form a man better than a factory can." (H. L. Matthews, *Revolution in Cuba.*)

In health care as in education, the aim is to combine mental and physical work, and to minimize the traditional inequalities between rural and urban areas. Medical students work in fields and factories along with other students, and when they begin practice they must serve for three years in rural health centers. After the revolution, about half of Cuba's 6,000 doctors emigrated. A crash government program more than made up for this loss, so that 9,000 doctors are now in practice, with another 1,000 being added each year. Ten per cent of these new doctors serve in more than a dozen developing countries, including Jamaica, Guyana, Algeria, Congo, Vietnam, Guinea, Tanzania, Angola, Somalia, Mozambique and South Yemen.

The emphasis of Cuban medicine is on prevention through regular checkups, mass immunization, hygiene education, dietary information and maternal care. These services, along with hospitalization when necessary, are provided free of charge through a comprehensive network that includes provincial health and hospital centers, and polyclinics at the local level. The results are most impressive—polio was wiped out in 1963, malaria in 1968, diphtheria in 1967, and infant mortality had dropped by 1974 to 27.4 per 1,000 live births, as against 4-to-10 times higher rates in other Latin American countries.

The Psychiatric Hospital in Havana is a striking example of the concern for mass health, mental as well as physical. Before the revolution it was a typical "insane asylum," overcrowded with 6,000 patients who were so maltreated and underfed that eighty-six died on a single day. Although many new buildings have been added, the patients have been reduced to 3,500 by attaching psy-

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chiatric wards for short-term patients to the general hospitals. The Psychiatric Hospital now cares for the mental patients from all the provinces who need treatment of a year or more. They lead reasonably normal lives, are encouraged to perform plays and concerts, participate in sports, and work as nurserymen, gardeners, mechanics, electricians, cobblers, beauticians, seamstresses and florists. They are paid for their work, and allowed to send their earnings to their families.

The buildings are bright, airy and free of the usual institutional odors. Everyone takes a bath every day, and the staff eats the same food as the patients, and at the same tables. Most striking is the absence of overmedicated, half-conscious patients sitting or lying around purposelessly. Except for the senile, who sit in rocking chairs on the porch or watch TV inside, all the patients are occupied at useful and rewarding tasks, not at the busy work normally found at such institutions. Furthermore, the patients maintain contact with their families through frequent visits to their homes, and the local communities are educated to understand mental problems and to accept the returning patients sympathetically.

Addressing the second congress of the Federation of Cuban Women (November 29, 1974), Castro expressed his delight that the husbands of some of the delegates had remained at home to care for the children. "Man's happiness is not possible without woman's happiness." But then he quickly added that equality between the sexes was still far from being realized in Cuba. Women comprise 25.3 per cent of the workers but hold only 15 per cent of leadership posts. They comprise only 15 per cent of the Communist Party membership and 6 per cent of the party officials. "There are still objective and subjective factors that discriminate against women . . . many habits remain from the times when women were property within society. . . . Women and men have to become seriously and profoundly aware of the problem. They have to wage that battle together."

To help in that battle, a novel Family Code was adopted in 1975. This document is unique, first, for having been discussed at length by the various mass organizations which prepared some 4,000 observations regarding 121 of the 166 articles. It is unique also for stipulating sex equality not only in the workplace and in the courts, as might be expected in a revolutionary society, but within the family—and that despite Cuba's Latin tradition of male superiority.

I discussed the significance of this code with Dr. Mario Ugidos, a judge of the Supreme Court. A middle-aged jurist of elegant manner and dry wit, he had served in various judicial capacities before the revolution. He conceded that the habitual Cuban *machismo* was still very much alive, but insisted that it was now on the defensive and steadily waning. First and foremost, he explained, are the job opportunities now open to women, which provide them with the economic independence essential for realistic equality. Also labor-saving devices are becoming more common in households, making "female" chores correspondingly easier. Finally every effort is being made to involve males in these chores. The Family Code stipulates that "Both parties must care for the family they have created and each must cooperate with the other in the education, upbringing and guidance of the children. . . . Both parties have the right to practice their profession or skill and it is their duty to help each other . . . to study or improve their knowledge." (Articles 26, 28.)

The powerful Federation of Cuban Women sees to it that these provisions do not become mere rhetoric. With a membership nearing 2 million, and headed by the redoubtable Vilma Espin, wife of Raúl Castro and mother of four children, the federation is one of the most influential of the mass organizations. Its campaigns, since its organization in 1960, have included a struggle against female illiteracy, training domestic workers for productive jobs, establishing a nationwide network of nursery schools, providing abortion operations on demand, and eradicating prostitution.

The effectiveness of the federation is greatly enhanced by the steadfast support it receives from Castro. He ridicules the men who "were frightened" by the prolonged discussions of the Family Code draft. "The struggle for the full integration of Cuban women into society," he repeats incessantly, "is really an historical battle. . . . It is, of course, not only a battle for women. It is a battle for the whole society. . . . And we are certain that it will be waged and that it will be won!" (From a speech to the second congress of Federation of Cuban Women, November 9, 1974.)

The steady growth of Cuba's economy undergirds the above social advances, whether it be the expensive networks of schools and polyclinics, the liter of milk each day for children, or the jobs made available to thousands of former prostitutes. Communist Cuba's economic fortunes hit their low point in 1970 when the all-out drive to produce a sugar harvest of 10 million tons failed, with adverse repercussions in other branches of the national economy. Since then the economic indices have been generally positive, thanks to a generous Soviet trade treaty in 1972, a dramatic though short-lived upturn in world sugar prices, and an emphasis on material as well as moral incentives.

A conspicuous feature of the economic growth is that it is more noticeable in the countryside than in Havana. Indeed the capital city looks seedy and run-down, though clean. Its shops have few consumer goods, autos are scarce and dilapidated, the buildings need repairs and paint. An aesthetically inclined official in the Swiss Embassy, which is in charge of American interests, discoursed at length on the "shameful deterioration of Havana's fine old houses."

Havana has, in fact, been deliberately starved of development funds in order to redress the traditional inequity between the capital and the provinces. But this policy also explains why Havana is the only Latin American capital that is not surrounded by a ring of misery. The schools, hospitals, roads, dams, experimental farms and factories that are sprouting in the rural areas have

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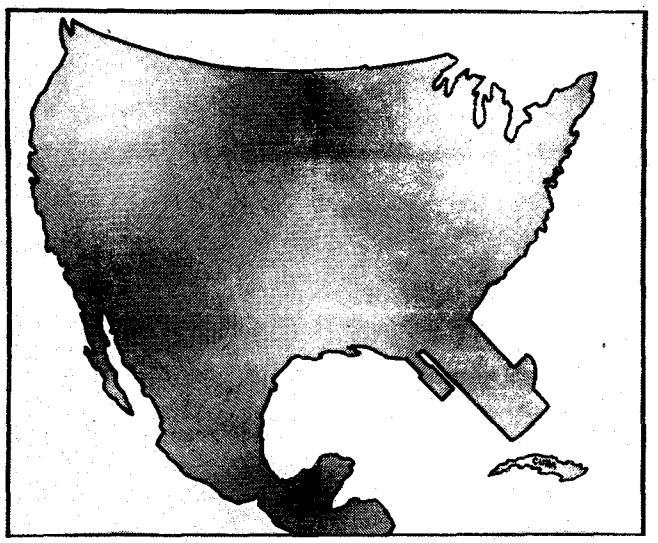
effectively forestalled the influx of poverty-stricken peasants that are overrunning virtually all other Third World capitals.

The other conspicuous feature of Cuba's economy is its rapid diversification since 1970. Production of non-cane agricultural products (cereals, tubers, vegetables and fruits) increased at an average annual rate of 8.1 per cent between 1971 and 1974. Labor is being released from the sugar industry by mechanization. Sugar harvesting was only 1 per cent mechanized in 1970-71; the percentage rose to 11.2 in 1972-73, and 25.8 in 1974-75. During the same period, 1970-74, 800 dairy farms were started, so that Cubans for the first time are becoming an ice-cream-eating and milk-drinking people. The productivity of the fishing industry has increased six times between 1959 and 1974, with Cuban ships operating in the Atlantic from Newfoundland to South Africa, and in the Pacific off Peru. The construction industry grew 300 per cent between 1970 and 1974 with the extensive building of roads, dams, reservoirs, irrigation and drainage systems, schools and housing.



Uluschak, Edmonton Journal (Canada)

In overall terms, the gross national product increased at an average rate of 5 per cent during the five-year period 1971-74. Unemployment is virtually nonexistent, with all men employed, and about 30 per cent of the women—a percentage that is increasing yearly with the expansion of child-care facilities and services.

Cuba is far from having solved all of its economic problems. The great weakness is the continued dependence on sugar for most of the export earnings. That this is a precarious basis for a national economy may be seen from the catastrophic drop in the world price of sugar during the past two years. Yet solid progress is being made, and new ties with Europe, Japan and the Soviet Union enable Cuba to resist the U.S. embargo indefinitely, even though it does retard the rate of economic growth.

The August 1974 Staff Report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee concluded that "the Cubans are on the verge of making their system work. . . . The U.S. policy of isolating Cuba has been a failure . . . a new policy should be devised." Today, two and a half years later, there can be little doubt that this conclusion is sound. A "new policy" is long overdue, and President Carter has a splendid opportunity to introduce it.

But will he take it? Already the familiar arguments against any change are being advanced in various quarters. The most persistent is the charge that Castro is an international firebrand seeking to export revolution to Africa and Latin America. It is the main reason why Rockefeller insists that "Castro has to be stopped."

On numerous occasions Castro has stated that revolution cannot be exported—that it succeeds only when it emerges from favorable local conditions and enjoys broad popular support. Yet Rockefeller's Castro-phobia is not altogether unjustified, for Cuba in fact is a Socialist "showcase," while most other Latin American societies are increasingly incapable of coping with the "human," "social" and "economic" failures enumerated by Senator Kennedy. President Carter and his advisers must face up to the inescapable reality that Cuba today is the only modern society in Latin America.

That explains also why some Caribbean states are now accepting missions of doctors, teachers, farmers and technicians from Cuba rather than from Brazil or Argentina or other Latin American countries with infinitely greater human and natural resources. They look to Cuba because, in the Latin American world, Cuba alone has effected the leap to modernity by casting off the shackles of the foreign corporations and their allied native elites. It is self-defeating sophistry to argue that by accepting Soviet aid the Cubans have exchanged American shackles for Russian. The Russians do not own a single acre of Cuban land, or a single Cuban factory or mine or bank or utility. Nor are the Russians transmitting profits from Havana to Moscow; rather it is the other way around.

All this is not to deny that in every revolution there are losers as well as winners, and that hundreds of thousands of Cuban losers fled to Florida. Thousands more, with American-supplied weapons and funds, resisted with sabotage, terrorism and invasion. As the revolutionary regime fought for its life against American economic and military pressures, it jailed large numbers of its opponents, and many remain jailed to this day. Even those who accept the regime do not enjoy the freedoms cherished by Americans—the freedom to choose between a Ford and a Carter, between *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Daily World*, between CBS and NET, between a Cadillac and a VW. Yet the modernity of the new Cuba rests in the fact that such freedoms, available to only a small minority in the rest of Latin America, have been exchanged for the virtually universal right to free schooling and health care, and the right to participate meaningfully in decision making at the workplace and in the neighborhood.

All this leaves Carter in a position as perilous as that which faced Kennedy in the 1960s. If we take the President's campaign rhetoric at face value, he is aware of the dangers of a status quo policy as Kennedy came to be after the Bay of Pigs. Addressing the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations on March 15, 1976, Carter de-

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clared, "The time has come to stop taxing poor people in rich countries for the benefit of rich people in poor countries." That diagnosis, if acted upon, would herald a new day for the great majority in rich and poor countries alike.

One is reminded of an equally profound campaign statement by President Lyndon Johnson: "We must change to master change." Johnson's great tragedy, and that of the American and Vietnamese people, was precisely that he proved incapable of changing. Will Carter keep in mind what he said in Chicago when the "experts" he has selected strive to implement their avowed objective of making the world safe for the multinational corporations? □

HOUSING AND COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT

AN ACT TO BLEED THE CITIES

JOHN M. BAER

Jonathan Schell, in *The Time of Illusion*, describes the Nixon Presidency as a period when "American history had split into two streams. One flowed aboveground, the other underground." He suggests that many of the federal policies and programs which emerged during the Nixon years were not what they appeared to be.

The nation's major housing program is a product of that time. It was spawned out of Nixon's "New Federalism," and is an enduring example of the art of disguise. The Housing and Community Development Act of 1974 seems to be aimed at saving cities. It gives the appearance of equity in disbursement of funds. It offers itself as a forthright remedy for urban blight, one that would replace cumbersome earlier attempts with the streamline concept of large block grants. But in fact, and apparently by design, the Housing and Community Development Act of 1974 is deceptive.

For although its primary objective is defined as "the development of viable urban communities," the huge grants which it supplies are headed for the suburbs. Because of a complex funding formula which seems to subvert the law's written intent, a major portion of its money will begin—next fiscal year—to flow away from the areas of greatest need and into the areas of greater wealth.

Moreover, while the ailing industrial states of the North stand to collect less in real dollars under the formula, the rising Sunbelt states are scheduled to collect substantially more. That's the way the law is written, and that's why the Northern states want to see it changed.

Pennsylvania housing officials say the Act is a legislative crime. They contend it was crafted by the Nixon administration solely for the benefit of that administration's natural constituency—the suburbs and the Sunbelt. But a Democratic Congress passed the Act and even though it could be argued that the measure was rushed through a legislature preoccupied by Watergate, it is clear that the lawmakers knew what they were doing, if the public did not.

The law faces reauthorization this year. It could be one of several issues to end up in a regional struggle, and it could provide an early look at the housing priorities of the new administration as well as the power today of the Northeastern coalition.

If the Act is reauthorized in its present form, Congress, through HUD, will start almost at once to make the cities poorer and the suburbs more affluent. To understand how that will come about, it is necessary to understand the basic provisions of the Housing and Community Development Act. They represent a transition from the programs of the "Great Society" to the programs of the "New Federalism," and a reorientation of the government's role in dealing with urban problems.

Title I of the Act authorizes the Community Development Block Grant system, established to replace seven previous programs, among them Urban Renewal, Model Cities and Neighborhood Facilities. Instead of cities receiving moneys from a variety of sources, each with its own criteria, they now receive single grants, to be spent as they see fit. Use of the funds is so broadly defined by the law that the grants are regarded by many as a second shot of revenue sharing. Money also was made available to suburban communities, but the Act included a mechanism which insured that cities would not lose funds during the first three years of a six-year program.

At first, applicants were delighted. The new law furnished funds to cities at the levels they had been getting before and also supplied revenue to smaller communities which in some cases had received nothing. Philadelphia, for example, got more than $60 million in both the first and second year of the new program—the same amount as under old policies—and one of its suburbs, Upper Darby Township, which got nothing in the past, received $240,000 in fiscal 1975 and $520,000 in fiscal 1976. But unless the law is changed, its funding formula provides that by fiscal 1980 Philadelphia will lose nearly half of its original grant, while Upper Darby—which started from zero—will collect $720,000. And the money to be given to Upper Darby and other townships is money to be taken from the city.

The example is not extreme. Under the present formula for disbursement of funds, sixteen of the seventeen largest cities in Pennsylvania will lose millions of U.S. dollars during the next few years, while the suburban municipalities around them will enjoy dramatic increases in aid. In

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Pennsylvania, not an atypical Northern state, grants under the Act for cities will fall from a high of $122 million in fiscal 1975 to $58 million by fiscal 1980. In the same period, grants for suburban areas will rise from $40 million to $68 million. The figures are based on actual grants received so far, as verified by area HUD offices, and on projections published by the House Committee on Banking and Currency, Subcommittee on Housing. The conclusion is inescapable: a law that purports to exist for the benefit of urban communities will allocate a majority of its money to the suburbs.

James R. Broughman, director of HUD's data systems and statistics division, says the absolute turnabout in funding for Pennsylvania is "generally true" of all Northern states. He notes that the nation's largest cities—New York, Chicago and Los Angeles—will be exceptions to the otherwise general rule. When pressed to explain the seeming disparity in the law, HUD officials point to Capitol Hill—the agency, they point out, doesn't legislate. One official suggests that, when it passed the Act, Congress might have been saying that "saving the cities is beyond hope."

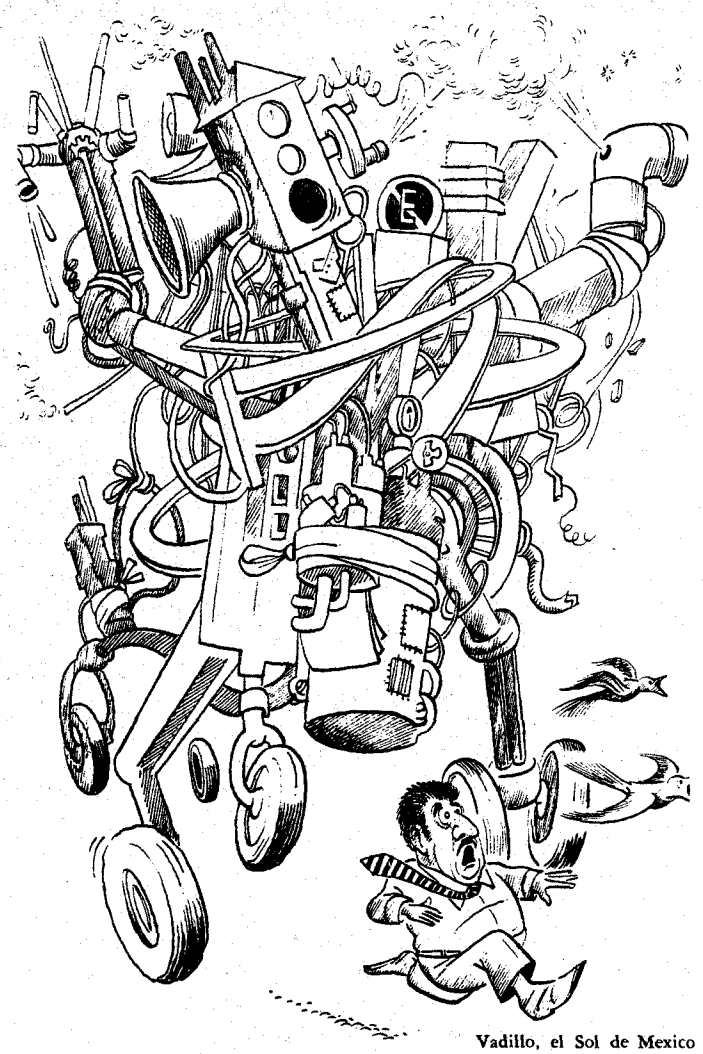
Maybe so, because the formula for funding does not include the principal factors that make cities worse off than suburbs, chief among them being density of population and the overall age of housing stock. Having ignored those factors, and others unique to urban centers, the formula then forces cities to compete for funds on an equal footing with the larger, and in almost all cases, more populous, surrounding areas.

The Act provides that 80 percent of its appropriated money be distributed in the form of grants to Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas (SMSAs). Twelve SMSAs cover Pennsylvania, and there are 267 in the United States and Puerto Rico. A SMSA includes at least one city of 50,000 people or more, together with the outlying areas—in some cases several counties—that are economically integrated with the core. The government has designated SMSAs in the past, but they are used for the first time in this Act to allocate housing and development grants. In short, the Act gives its money in blocks to large cities and their suburbs.

The main factors for determining the size of grants are: population, the extent of overcrowded housing, and poverty, which is given double weight in the formula. Just as each city competed for funding under previous programs, each SMSA now vies for available grants. But competition under the 1974 law goes further. The Act divides the money headed for a single SMSA into two pools: one for the city and one for the suburbs, and the allocation formula is the same for each pool. Thus a city must compete with its own suburbs for money ostensibly earmarked to fight urban ills.

Harrisburg, Pa., for example, is the central city of a SMSA which includes three counties. When the population, housing overcrowding and poverty within those three counties is *totaled,* and then compared with the totals from Harrisburg, the suburbs appear to be in much greater need of government assistance than does the city. The Philadelphia SMSA includes another large city, Chester, and four of the most populous counties in Pennsylvania. Again, the cities cannot match needs with the entire area on a one-to-one basis. In effect, the formula allows outlying communities to form a collective from which to bargain against the city. It creates phantom cities to compete against real ones, and with nothing but total figures to judge by, the real cities appear healthy by comparison with the suburbs.

Up until now, the effect of the funding formula has not been felt, because the Act provided that, for the first three years, cities would receive additional grants, based on their participation in the old programs. This "entitlement" provision was designed to "hold-harmless" cities that would have been hit with immediate and drastic cuts in aid if subjected to the new formula from the start. The hold-harmless amounts are figured by averaging what a city received each year between 1968 and 1972 under prior programs. That amount is then compared with what the formula would bring in and the city takes the larger sum. In almost every instance, the entitlement provision allowed more money.



Vadillo, el Sol de Mexico

Flight from the City

But during the final three years of the program (beginning in fiscal year 1978) the Act phases out the hold-

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harmless funds. Because Pennsylvania and most of the other Northern states enjoyed a great deal of success under previous programs—especially those which required matching funds—and because the hold-harmless section of the Act takes account of that success, its removal will have staggering economic results.

In the Pennsylvania coal regions, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and Hazelton are collecting a total of more than $7.2 million in hold-harmless funds during the current fiscal year. In fiscal 1978, the amount drops to $4.8 million; to $2.4 million in fiscal 1979, and to nothing in fiscal 1980. Cities which did less well under prior programs will feel less of a loss, whereas cities that worked hardest to rebuild themselves in the past will suffer the most under the Act.

As noted briefly above, the formula does not include factors which make cities vastly different from suburbs. It ignores the fact that all the conditions used to determine funding levels exist in greater *density* in cities. It takes no notice of the state of older housing stock in cities, and does not consider the litany of other disabilities endemic to metropolitan centers. Any sociologist will affirm that these factors interact. A rise in poverty invariably leads to a rise in crime, abandonment of housing units and general family instability. Couple these conditions with two decades of private-sector disinvestment, and you have described an average Northern metropolis.

Although small pockets of poverty and poor housing exist throughout every multi-county area, they cannot approach in intensity the squalor to be found in urban ghettos. The Act, nonetheless, discounts the convergence of city problems and allows the sum of poverty pockets to outpoint the city for funds. The federal government, it would appear, is joining with business and industry in the disinvestment of Northern cities.

The common defense for excluding density factors from the formula is that the Act mandates the development of "urban communities." With emphasis on the word "communities," advocates of the Act suggest that suburbs are covered by the primary objective of the law. They will find no allies at the U.S. Bureau of the Census; it defines an urbanized area on the basis of density, and does not label an area "urban" until it contains 1,000 persons per square mile. The U.S. Census of Population and Housing said in 1970 that 525 persons per square mile were living in the areas outside of Pennsylvania's major cities. Out-migration has increased since then, but it hasn't doubled the population. Thus it would seem that the Act creates an illusionary urban area, then moves in to cure its urban ills.

The actual cities are shortchanged further by the fact that the formula makes no allowances for older housing stock. Cities harbor more structures built before 1940 or 1950 than do the suburbs. It is reasonable to assume that older housing units need more repair than do newer ones, yet an Act administered by the government's housing agency excludes this consideration.

The law is also supposed to prevent the spread of urban blight, presumably by pumping funds into the suburbs so that all problems can be stopped at city lines. While such prevention might be well-intended, it seems to reinforce suspicions that the government has given up on saving the cities.

Given that there are more large, older cities in the North than in any other region of the country, and that the Act works against such cities, it seems that those who say it was intended to further erode the North have some ground for argument. Northern leaders might also argue about the national distribution of funds. The figures provide a stunning example of the rise of the South and the Southwest.

A dozen Northern states, stretching from Connecticut to Maryland and from New Jersey to Wisconsin, collected an annual combined average of slightly more than $1 billion under previous programs. Under the 1974 formula, the figure for fiscal 1980 is estimated by Pennsylvania officials at $1.17 billion for the whole area, a gain of 9.5 percent. In the Sunbelt, the old programs brought in only $542 million per year, but by fiscal 1980, eleven Western and Southern states will collect $1.04 billion, an increase of more than 92 percent. Census Bureau figures show an increasing migration to the South and West, but the population shift has not been as dramatic as the funding shift will be.

The same formula which works against those cities that fared well under former housing and development programs also works against the Northern states, and for the same reason. Northern states that worked hard and successfully to secure funds under prior matching programs will be punished for their past efforts. The Sunbelt states, which largely ignored earlier programs, will be handed money on the basis of their increasing population and their inactivity of the past.

What Congress seems to be saying through this Act is that there is no difference between a city and a suburb, and that the flourishing Sunbelt states should flourish still more at the expense of the North. In both cases, it appears, the rich get richer.

HUD officials say the old funding mechanisms were not equitable because some large cities could hire grant experts and other government specialists to work exclusively on grabbing federal dollars. And they say the agency and the Brookings Institution have been studying the new mechanism with the possibility of recommending changes. Congress must act on the reauthorization question by May 15 under new Congressional budget requirements. Attempts will be made to retain hold-harmless funding or to add more money for cities. They are not likely to succeed, in view of promised austerity. There also will be efforts to change the formula, making it more responsive to the needs of the cities, but that could have been done long ago, and there is no real reason to think it will be done now.

Sometime, however, within the coming months or years, when the Sunbelt leaders are flexing new-found muscle and the Northern leaders are bellowing for redress and a new "Reconstruction," someone in the federal government should tell the American people whether or not their cities have been given up for dead. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

No Sign of the Rainbow

EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH: Destruction of Community in the Buffalo Creek Flood. *By Kai T. Erikson. Simon & Schuster. 174 pp. $7.95.*

HARRY M. CAUDILL

When John F. Kennedy was running for the Presidency in 1960 the West Virginia primary was crucial to his cause and he campaigned extensively across the state. Looking at the Appalachian landscape and its people from a fresh viewpoint he was shocked by the squalor, poverty and backwardness that glared at him on all sides. As President he initiated the studies which culminated under Lyndon Johnson in the Appalachian Development Act of 1964. The Congressional hearings that preceded enactment of the legislation produced a shattering record. The hundreds of pages told the story of the near ruination of the Appalachian coal fields, with particular emphasis on West Virginia; a state that likes to promote itself as the "Switzerland of North America." But no Switzerland emerges from the study. Instead there is delineated a state that is largely owned and wholly dominated by immense corporations with headquarters in other states and abroad, a mountainous terrain fast being irrevocably destroyed by strip mining, a tremendous timber potential aborted by atrocious forestry practices, antiquated agricultural practices that would outrage any knowledgeable farmer, shockingly low housing standards left over from the flimsy mining "camps" built around the turn of the century, multitudes of crippled men broken by the mines and other multitudes ravaged by pneumoconiosis contracted in the dusty tunnels, trifling schools, unemployment, dependency, destitution and, of course, large-scale out-migration of the ambitious and healthy to other parts of the country.

Everything in its Path is the story of a disaster that befell the people of Buffalo Creek in Logan County on February 26, 1972. But it is much more than a chronicle of this calamity in a calamity-ridden land. After all it is not the worst misfortune ever to befall this battered state and its lethargic people: that hideous distinction belongs to Monongah where 362 coal miners died in 1907 when gigantic methane and coal-dust explosions roared through miles of tunnels that Wilhelm's Germany would have closed as deathtraps. Such "widow and orphan makers" have occurred with chilling frequency though on a lesser scale since the coal industry first moved in to "develop" the state; most recently, seventy-eight men were killed in such an explosion in a Consolidation Coal Company mine at Farmington on November 20, 1968. Buffalo Creek was a different kind of horror and a much more complex one, and the author pursues its many facets in detail and with commendable skill.

Buffalo Mining Company is a subsidiary of Pittston Coal which, in turn, is in large measure the property of Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, the friendly company that renders so much aid and comfort to the bereaved widows and orphans of thoughtful men who "insure with Equitable." Buffalo Mining operates in the same valley with hundreds of people who, in the sense of proximity at least, are its neighbors. Before February 26, 1972, these people inhabited sixteen stark little hamlets whose names mirror Appalachian history and that of Wales and Scotland from which so much of the regional character and color are derived: Kistler, Crown, Accoville, Braeholm, Fanco, Becco, Amherstdale, Robinette, Latrobe, Crites, Stowe, Lundale, Craneco, Lorado, Pardee and Three Forks. These mini-villages constituted a virtually unbroken string-town in which lived all sorts of people. Some were lazy and shiftless with no ambition beyond the welfare rolls and food-stamp lines. Others were ambitious for themselves and their families, had worked hard to modernize old houses or build modern new ones, and hoped that their children could become educated and prosperous beyond any experience they themselves had known. The old were there in abundance, afflicted by the miseries of age and filled with the dying memories of better days when John L. Lewis was president of the CIO and the United Mine Workers of America was the nation's most powerful union. The young lived there, too, students in the valley's schools and, in some instances at least, fired by the high aspirations that build and preserve civilization.

This was all about to be swept away. For many years Buffalo Mining Company had been plagued with the problem of how to dispose of the immense amounts of waste that poured from its tipple and preparations plant. These gigantic flows of mine dust, shale, clay, mud and low-grade coal had been dumped in the Middle Fork since 1957. By 1972 the company was mining 4,000 tons of coal a day and dumping 1,000 tons of the "gob" in the tortured stream. Over the years the stuff had been shaped with bulldozers into a colossal dam. This dam contained a vast assortment of industrial discards in addition to the mine waste, including old lumber, mine posts, cement blocks, rusty roof bolts, wooden cap wedges, scraps of building materials, junked machinery parts, and worn-out tires. The barrier was 465 feet long, 480 feet wide from front to back and 65 feet high. It contained nearly a million tons of waste of all kinds. Behind it lay 132 million gallons of sinister looking black water—a lake of 20 acres with a depth of 40 feet.

Quite incredibly, this monstrosity assumed its ominous form and dimensions because of growing pressure to preserve downstream water quality. Instead of returning the tailings to underground voids created by the mining operations (as has been done routinely in Germany for a century) the residues were simply dumped on the surface where erosion carried them into creeks and rivers. Buffalo Mining undertook to impound the water, let the wastes settle out, then re-use the water or let it go downstream in a much clarified condition.

America has built up bureaucracies so huge and costly that one would suppose every aspect of our lives to be under constant scrutiny. The Buffalo Creek dam demonstrated that the bureaucrats see little and are leaden in the discharge of their legal duties. None was watching the growth of the immense lake on the headwaters of that densely populated valley. No one in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, the Environ-

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mental Protection Agency, the Mine Enforcement and Safety Administration or in the numerous state offices at Charleston was concerned with these developments and their obvious perils.

Then it began to rain, a dull, steady, relentless downpour. Too late to help much, company officials began to inspect the dam where the black waters rose dangerously close to the crest. Some people, the more discerning and agile, started moving to higher ground. Still the company issued no warnings. Then at 8 P.M. the dam collapsed and 132,000 gallons of water and hundreds of thousands of tons of wet, pasty gunk rolled down the valley. As it went it gathered up thousands of additional tons of soil, rocks, trees and—eventually farther along—cars, houses and people. Entire towns were swept away, scores of mobile homes and automobiles were reduced to junk, stretches of highway and railroad were obliterated, and 125 lives were snuffed out in the tumbling, miasmic nightmare that plopped, finally into the Guyandotte River. Seven of those bodies have not yet been found.

Gov. Arch Moore rushed to the scene and got to the root of the matter at once. He allowed that the worst part of the tragedy lay in the bad image of West Virginia it would give to the world. Company officials were equally discerning. A spokesman for the coal company promptly announced that it was all an act of God. So much for suffering humanity on one hand and blasphemy on the other.

Kai Erikson's story really gets going at this point. He analyzes the old-fashioned people of Buffalo Creek and the forces that made—and now continue to make—their culture. He uses their words to describe the environment that grew up there in this corner of industrial America. In many interviews he dug into the traumas they endured, the syndromes and psychoses that were induced, and gained a genuine and profound understanding of the incalculable suffering the survivors must endure.

Here is much more than a narrative of human misfortune. Erikson has given us a textbook that is likely to be useful to historians and sociologists for generations to come. The reader will get a lot for his money if he takes time to study the words of those who lived through it and thereby enters somewhat into the last ghastly moments of those who died. The book is aptly named because the flood did in fact sweep away everything in its path, including inestimable qualities of morale, self-confidence, friendship, peace of mind, orientation, trust, order and courage.

In Erikson's pages are encountered the harsh realities of Monongah, Fairmont and Buffalo Creek which spawned the image that Arch Moore found so regrettable. Both the reality and the image are an American tragedy for which all Americans are responsible. □

Room at the Top

MAUVE GLOVES & MADMEN, CLUTTER & VINE. *By Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 243 pp. $8.95.*

JACK BEATTY

"If I've only one life, let me live it as a blonde." Substitute your favorite fantasy for blonde, and you have the spirit of the Me Decade, the latest turn of the *Zeitgeist* according to Tom Wolfe, sometime prophet of that secular deity. But Wolfe is an initiate of the lower as well as the higher mysteries, and is perhaps most himself when speaking of the little rather than the big. He would know, for example, that it is to Shirley Polykoff of the Foote, Cone and Belding advertising agency that we owe the above slogan. Competing for the same cab door with a "Beekman Place burgher," only he would recognize, in the rapid little steps of the man as, outflanking Wolfe, he runs to the other side of the cab, the high-kneed trot taught fullbacks on the Deerfield "Junior Bulldogs" in 1951. And who but Wolfe, in a funny story called "The Commercial," would have as one of the indignities a black athlete must endure in the taping of a men's cologne ad, a price tag reading $87.50—Saks, stuck on the pink bottom of his new shoes—to the merriment of the TV crew. At the other end of the fashion scale, who else could distinguish the Funky Chic on Dixwell Avenue hard by Yale, from South of France Young Jade Chic, or Jardins du Luxembourg Post-Breathless Chic? We must turn to Wolfe for this sort of social information. He has no competitor here.

And while there are other satirists of the romance of the apocalypse among American intellectuals—privileged, pampered and gloomy—they follow the path Wolfe opened in *Radical Chic*. No one is as good as Wolfe on the contradictions between cushy class and angry consciousness. Thus, in the title sketch we have an unnamed writer, who imports his shoes from a London Boot Maker ("That was the way he wrote it out, Boot Maker, two words, the way it was on their bosky, florid letterhead,") give his new book the working title:

> Recession and Repression
> Police State America
> and the Spirit of '76

Thus, in the "Intelligent Coed's Guide to America," Wolfe pokes fun at the "O'Hare crowd," a Wolfian category for the intellectuals and academic celebrities who bunch up at O'Hare Airport on their annual pilgrimage to the campuses of the "heartland," which runs from "Fort Lee, New Jersey on the East to the Hollywood Freeway on the West." The O'Hare crowd bears tidings of gloom and doom. Wolfe recites their doleful litany—it runs from "racism has not abated, it is only more subtle" to the "imminence of authoritarian rule," via the CIA, FBI, assassinations, espionage, and the new McCarthyism—and writes a poem to a student, a "Candide in Reverse," who wanted to know how old you were when the doom and gloom hit you, the biggest problem on his campus being finding a place to park. He endorses the late Lionel Trilling's modest proposal that the universities abandon the liberal arts curriculum for a generation, by the end of which there might be numbers of intelligent young people who had experienced American life directly, not through a disfiguring haze of negative cultural and political attitudes. But we have heard this before, and from Wolfe. His handling of the inauthenticity theme in *Mauve Gloves* is familiar and mechanical, a coda to *Radical Chic*.

Wolfe's style is a guarantee against satiation, however: it makes whatever it touches new. And perhaps the chief delight of this collection is watching his style shift with his varying subjects. To re-create the look and feel of a jet taking off from an aircraft carrier Wolfe unleashes a forty-five-line sentence that puts you as close to the horror, noise and confusion of the real thing as you are ever likely to get. In "The Streetfighters" his sentences are short, appropriately punchy:

> Only just then the big bastard I'm struggling with gets a brilliant idea. He runs to the other side of the cab. I can still

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see him running. I can see his knees in the headlights.

And paragraph for paragraph, Wolfe is the rapidest writer around. Only Bellow and Cheever take you down a page faster. His sentences never double back on themselves. He uses epithets sparingly and with felicity, as in "No one is able to resist the delicious itch to reveal his own picture of himself through fashion." Sometimes he tends toward cuteness, but he writes so well on the whole that one feels mean-spirited in complaining.

Finally, there is his wit, or, rather, Wit; for in Wolfe the 18th-century sense of the word as vivacity of intelligence survives. In this collection it ranges from extended conceits, like the sketch of the black athlete taping the commercial, to stings of playful intelligence, as in, ". . . at a literary conference at Notre Dame, I ran into a poet who is noted for his verse celebrating the ecology, *née* Nature." If style is a way of seeing, only Wolfe could see and say that.

These essays, then, offer a lively picture of the surface of our society; one wishes life were this interesting. But they tell us little of what lies beneath the surface. For all his wit, Wolfe lacks an imagination of society. Social appearance is his beat, not social reality. His interest in society is aesthetic, not moral or intellectual. This can be refreshing: "How does it look?" is often a more liberating question than "is it right?" or "is it true?" But rarely is it a deeper question. Nor one innocent of a metaphysic—remember the *Zeitgeist*. For Wolfe, the present moment is a kind of God, against whom it is bad form to protest—it might spoil the symmetry of the age. Thus he admires the style of the Navy flyers in the air war over Vietnam unabashedly, because they fit in, met the demands of their moment; but scorns the motives of the clergy who protested the war in the name of an absolute morality. Their real reason, he cynically avers, was the desire to attract young people back to church. We are all driven to keep up with the times—this seems to be the master motive of the creation for Wolfe. It is hard to say what is more striking about this view, its shallowness, or its obnoxiousness, for they are tied together.

Wolfe has an Hegelian love for categories; Funky Chic, New York People Seaside Funk. But these essays are short on the sorts of facts innocent social scientists call "hard." Especially economic facts: Wolfe is an Hegelian of the Right. Nor is Wolfe much concerned with establishing proximate

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causalities. Confronted with a piece of social data, Wolfe either makes a gesture at metatheory (God is dead, Me is in the saddle) or repairs to the *Zeitgeist* to explain everything. Thus, for example, he has nothing to say on the relations between the black arts of advertising and the changes in moral and sartorial fashion of which he makes so much; it is as if he thinks the Time-Spirit brought them about. And while he knows who thought up the Clairol ad, he ignores the crucial moment in the *Zeitgeist*, where the individual psyche and society meet, where Shirley Polykoff's message, blared from a million TV sets, becomes a social fact.

That way, however, lies radical criticism. But Wolfe has no quarrel with society, and so he forfeits the imaginative energies that anger can release; to place him as a social critic, one has only to compare him to Mailer. He is too happy to be radical. And when he claims that the Me Decade now in progress is the "greatest age of individualism in American history," one suspects that either Madison Avenue has got to his psyche, or that he is unable to see past the bright nimbus of his high spirits to what is really going on in America.

But if, as Hegel thought, the Real is the Rational and the Rational the Real, then we live in a metaphysical paradise already. Why bother scratching after proximate causes? Better to enjoy the show. If you need to explain something, invent a category. And discard useless categories like "proletarian," which we are told is ludicrously out of date. For Wolfe, a good Idealist, if a category is obsolete, so must be the condition it describes. If you thought the last janitor you talked to a proletarian, you were wrong. His category, his metaphysical warrant, had been repealed. When he wasn't cleaning toilets or sweeping floors, he was a spirited participant in the Me Decade.

I happened to be visiting a prison recently, was in the library talking to prospective students, when I saw Wolfe's *Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* among the handful of books on the wall. Wolfe's picture was on the back. Set against the dour young faces of the convicts, it radiated happiness, wealth, success—and, what is rarer, a talent for these things. Here was a man who could discriminate among pleasures: choose the best wine, know the right restaurant, wear the inevitable tie. How enviable, I thought. Surely the young men in that room envied him. This was what an American life could be, if you came of a good family, were gifted, went to Yale. But the young inmates and Wolfe belonged to different Americas; no pathway led from them to him. Anyone looking at his picture, then at the inmates, could see that. This book is enlivened by clever drawings. □

Dethroning the Lords

EVEN THE GODS CAN'T CHANGE HISTORY: The Facts Speak for Themselves. *By George Seldes. Lyle Stuart. 352 pp. $10.*

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

George Seldes remembers everything. He recalls who liberated Saint-Mihiel during World War I (actually he and two minor military officers did), who uttered the first statement about the need for a *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union (Marshal Foch), and who leaked the contents of the Versailles Treaty to the American press, a scoop that led to the rejection of the League of Nations by the U.S. Senate (Eugene Chen, a Chinese diplomat dissatisfied with the colonial provisions of the treaty, was the leaker). Seldes has the obsessive reporter's habit of storing detail; he cannot shake facts from his head. Seldes built a career on this trait, editing a newsletter called *In Fact*, which at its peak had 176,000 subscribers, many of them union members. Throughout the 1940s, *In Fact* specialized in debunking the accuracy of stories presented in the daily press. Seldes may today be considered one of the founders of press criticism, a burgeoning branch of journalism. When he was active (he is in his 80s), "the lords of the press" (the title of one of his books), imperiously dominated the publishing scene. They regarded Seldes as a peculiar if pesky aberration (if they regarded him at all). He saw them as venal distorters of the news. Stories like William Randolph Hearst's $400,000 deal with Adolf Hitler kept surfacing to reconfirm his belief.

In the 1930s, Hearst's International News Service lagged far behind the A.P. and U.P. in the number of its subscribers. With a keen sense for profits and charismatic personalities, Hearst allowed himself to be successfully wooed by Hitler, instructing the Führer that the way to improve his public image in America was to buy the INS service at a price approximately eight times higher than that paid by other INS recipients. Hitler had Dr. Joseph Goebbels sign on the dotted line for him. In appreciation for the Third Reich's business Hearst wrote editorials under his own byline telling readers that Hitler "restored character and courage. Hitler gave hope and confidence. He established order and unity of purpose. . . . And the Germans love him for that. They regard him as a saviour."

It's a common assumption that Hearst was reactionary and irresponsible. But what of such staid bulwarks of the American journalistic tradition as the good gray *New York Times*? "All in all," Seldes writes, "the Nazi press and the Catholic press in Europe did a fairer and more honest job of reporting the war in Spain than did their counterparts in the United States." He singles out the *Times* as a principal culprit. While Herbert Matthews wired brilliant eyewitness accounts of battles from the Loyalist side, William Carney, another *Times* man, dispatched fiction from the Franco camp to the newspaper. Matthews was consistently questioned about the exactitude of his stories; Carney's reports (or fantasies) were untouched and run in columns alongside Matthews's work. Seldes accuses *Times* managing editor Edwin James of "corrupt journalism" in this instance, a claim essentially repeated by Matthews in his autobiography.

James also favored Mussolini. The *Times* Italy correspondent, Arnaldo Cortesi, was, according to Seldes, "a fascist." He does not use the word as a pejorative adjective but as a precise noun. Cortesi's father, in fact, (to borrow Seldes's pet phrase), advised Mussolini on how to influence public opinion abroad.

As a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* in Italy, Seldes broke the story of Mussolini's role in the assassination of the Socialist leader, Giacomo Matteotti, in 1925. For his trouble he was deported. He says that the *Times*, the A.P. and other papers had the same documents on the case that he possessed. Nineteen years later, in 1944, the *Times* printed the same story on its front page as a unique revelation.

George Seldes's book is not a strict memoir. Rather it is a rambling recollection of his best and most startling

Sidney Blumenthal writes for the Boston Phoenix. *He is the editor of* Government by Gunplay *(New American Library).*

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stories. Clearly, the truth seems simple to him and the lies baroque. He believes that passing censorship of a story can lead to unexpected dire consequences. *Even the Gods Can't Change History* is sprinkled with examples. Immediately following World War I he interviewed Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, who confessed sadly that the entry of fresh American troops on the Western Front was the key factor that finally shattered the German Army. His statement was an implicit refutation of the "stab-in-the-back" theory later used by the Nazis. Seldes's interview with von Hindenburg never appeared in print. He was detained by the U.S. Army and ordered not to write anything about what would have certainly been a scoop, establishing a crucial political point. Years afterward he learned that jealous members of the American press corps forced the Army to wring the vow of self-censorship from him.

During his long prolific career Seldes wrote numerous books, many elaborations of news stories he had already reported. Perhaps his most significant book was *The Lords of the Press*, a catalogue of the methods by which big businessmen controlled the content and flow of news. The process of monopolization, which Seldes detected in the 1930s, now has irresistible momentum. In his day, Seldes's newsletter was a vital source of information on how this concentration of the media in a few hands led to management of the news.

At the inception of the McCarthy period, in 1950, he closed his publication and turned his mailing list over to a promising successor—I.F. Stone. Seldes feels that the press has noticeably improved since then. He is pleasantly surprised by the acceptance of investigative reporting on the part of the major urban dailies. The greatest leap forward has been, from his point of view, the application of more rigorous standards of objectivity in reporting the news. Colonel McCormick, owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, W. R. Hearst, and the other press lords, never felt obliged to uphold such delicate rules. A neutral tone is now, however, a generally respected professional canon.

There are still problems, of course. The form of objectivity is often used to mask political realities. Examples are legion. Consider this case: The Chicago newspapers uniformly refer in their news columns to an active big business lobby, the Civic Federation, as "a taxpayers group." Actually, the Civic Federation (which has its counterparts in virtually every large city), is entirely subsidized by corporate interests. Seldes suggests that the political manipulation of banks and corporations would be the most promising subject for post-Watergate journalistic probes.

George Seldes's methodical manner of researching stories contrasts with the messiness of his book, which is not his fault at all. There are numerous irritations (many parenthetical comments are not closed, for example), due to the publisher's negligence. *Even the Gods Can't Change History* exhibits George Seldes as a grand old man of journalism. Great care in the production of his book would have been appropriate. □

A Soviet Schweik

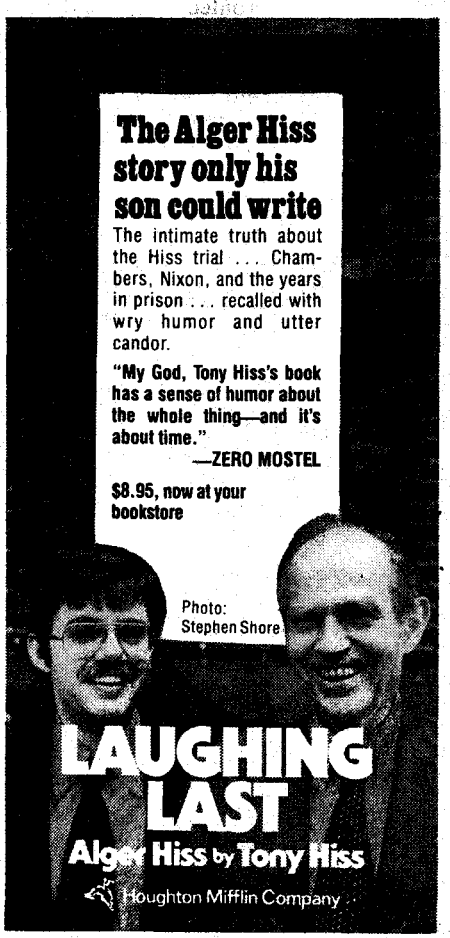
THE LIFE AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF PRIVATE IVAN CHONKIN. *By Vladimir Voinovich. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 316 pp. $10.*

PETER DREYER

"When hundred per cent history goes promenading through the streets, the only thing to do is to die at once, with eyes blazing with triumph," says the hero of *The Stormy Life of Laz Roitshvantz*, a satire Ilya Ehrenburg was sufficiently reckless (accomplished survival artist though he was) to have published in Paris in 1928. The black comedy of *Ivan Chonkin*, like that of *Laz Roitshvantz* ("Redrunt" or "Redcock" in Yiddish), ends in apparent tragedy. But Voinovich is more optimistic than Ehrenburg who allows his protagonist to die wretchedly. Right at the outset we are told that Ivan's story "until recently, was still in motion." So we know when we reach it that his final "I'll be back!" is not in vain. Perhaps, the KGB permitting, we may anticipate a sequel dealing with Ivan's adventures in Gulag, and his Nyura's too—for in those days how could she possibly have remained free for long?

While *Laz Roitshvantz* is only a distant relative, the family resemblance is distinct, bridging the intervening half

Peter Dreyer is the author of A Beast in View *(fiction),* The Future of Treason, *and* A Gardener Touched with Genius, *a biography of Luther Burbank. He lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.*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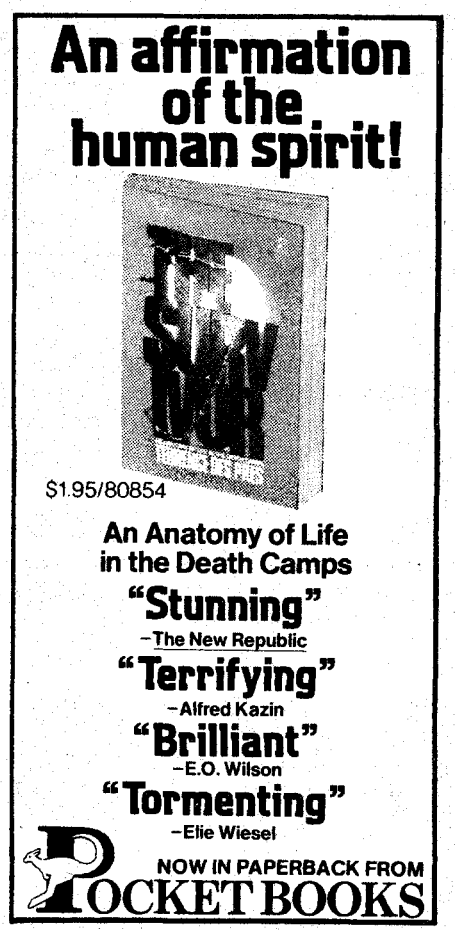

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century of Socialist Realist sterility. *Ivan Chonkin* revives a tradition. We recognize the name plays hallowed by Saltykov-Shchedrin, Gogol's benighted Russians still waiting for "that all-powerful word, *forward*" (a word Lenin sought to pronounce, with such terrible consequences), Sologub's demonic fantasy. The story has in common with the Schweikian genre the litany of cynical legalisms characteristic of the society where the cop is king. Here we find "hundred per cent history" personified by Captain Milyaga ("nice guy" is the sense of the name) of the NKVD. But for this agent of determinist destiny things go subtly out of control, starting with the interrogation of an old Jew picked up in the marketplace, whose papers reveal a famous surname:

> Slatin, Satlin, Saltin. . . . No, there was no way around it, Stalin. Stalin, Moisei Solomonovich. Could he really be a relative? The captain shivered. He could already see himself up against the wall. Oh, my God, what's going on here! Of course, and wasn't Stalin's father a shoemaker!

Moisei Solomonovich (who hails, we may note, from Gomel in Byelorussia, home town too of the tailor Laz Roitshvantz) assures Milyaga that his smashed dentures were the handiwork of his own son, Comrade Stalin. The captain is moved despite himself, and reaches out his hand. "May I touch them?" he asks.

> "Fool," said Stalin, pushing the pieces out of reach. "Your hands are all bloody and you want to touch my teeth with them."

There is a nice irony here: Milyaga's hands are only symbolically bloody. The beating has been conducted by a subordinate. Out of such little touches, easily missed, is Voinovich's satire constructed. The captain now has a life-saving flash of memory. If this is indeed Stalin's father, then Stalin himself should be named Joseph Moiseyevich. But Stalin's name is . . . unhappily he finds himself temporarily unable to recall the beloved leader's patronymic. Moisei Solomonovich confesses, however, that the maker of the dentures was in fact his son Comrade Zinovy Stalin, "the most-well-known dental technician in Gomel." Milyaga is about to summon back his assistant to resume the assault, but the old man warns him:

> . . . if anyone finds out you arrested Stalin and beat him up, even if it wasn't *that* Stalin, or even his father, but just plain Stalin, my God, you couldn't begin to imagine what'll happen to you!

It is, Milyaga observes, an awkward coincidence. Awkward for you, not for me, says his victim. After all, if my name were Shpulman or Ivanov you could have me beaten up whenever you liked.

The whole episode is a digression, but it is an important one. Voinovich is building the climate of paranoid terror in which denunciation, arrest and "liquidation" (that curiously capitalist usage) are the potential destiny of all. After providing Moisei with an authorization for the repair of his teeth at the district polyclinic, Milyaga retires to his office to read the anonymous denunciations which have come in with the day's mail. It is among these that the captain finds the letter which is to lead him on a dizzying spiral of disaster:

> We hereby inform you that the deserter and betrayer of the motherland, Comrade Chonkin, Ivan, is hiding in our village of Krasnoye and that he is residing in the home of the postmistress, Belyashova, Nyura. . . .

With a quota to fill, and frustrated of his last victim, Milyaga eagerly dispatches his lieutenant, Filippov, and the full forces of the district NKVD to arrest this Chonkin without further ado.

The story actually begins in the early summer of 1941, with Russia still under the dubious protection of the Hitler-Stalin Pact. An airplane makes a forced landing on the kolkhoz "Red Sheaf," coming down next to the garden plot where Nyura Belyashova is cultivating her potatoes. From a distant military camp a soldier is detailed to stand guard until the machine can be repaired. Ivan Chonkin is short, bowlegged, unpolitical (though "he too loved Stalin in his own way"), a man whose closest friend is the army nag he has charge of. Dumped next to the stranded plane, he rapidly reverts to his peasant origins—the only way to feed himself—and moves in with Nyura, who at 24 is alone in the world save for her cow, a pet hog, and her chickens.

> And now this short man, in uniform, his red ears sticking out from his cap, was walking ahead of her down the furrow, swinging a chopper as he went. Who was he, this man, and what did he want?

No problem there, for it is much what she wants. Despite an interlude of rustic jealousy they get on famously. Voinovich, who evidently spent his own youth on collective farms, deftly paints in the details of kolkhoz life, with its cynically resigned *muzhiks* and dithering rural bureaucrats. There is some marvelous detail here. Thus Partorg Kilin finds himself faced with an excited crowd at the outbreak of war and is subsequently charged with "unleashing anarchy." (For "who ever heard of people assembling all by themselves, without any control on the part of the leadership?" his superior demands.) The denunciation which brings the NKVD down on Chonkin is the work of a neighbor, the amateur Lysenkoist and village know-it-all Gladishev, whose experimental hybrids have been eaten by Nyura's cow, Beauty.

Unexpectedly, for he is not obviously the stuff of which heroes are made, Ivan decides to fight it out when Filippov arrives to arrest him. After all, he is a soldier, legitimately on guard at his post, even if forgotten in the turmoil of invasion. In a fine piece of *opéra bouffe* he captures the lieutenant and his men and, when Milyaga turns up to find out what has happened to them, bags him too. There now springs up a tide of rumor which ultimately depicts a guerrilla organization led by a White General Chonkin, who has been living in China and has seized this opportunity to launch an attack on the Soviet Union. Measures to deal with the threat escalate in high farcical style, till finally a whole regiment is diverted from the front to "liquidate Chonkin's gang."

Meanwhile Chonkin has put the captured NKVD men to work on the potato harvest, lagging in consequence of the call-up, with the result that "Red Sheaf" soon becomes a model of productivity, and is even cited in a report to Stalin. Poor Milyaga grows increasingly confused. He decides to escape, which is not difficult since Chonkin has only Nyura to help him guard his eight captives. But unluckily Milyaga gets away just in time to be knocked on the head and taken prisoner by two army scouts who assume he is a Nazi paratrooper. Milyaga puts the seal on his own doom when he decides to make clear his new

DEVOTION TO THE SMALL

It is how
climbing an
even air-
less stairway
one sleeve catches
a dry stalk
of thorn how
the first nail
its bead of
light waits in
shadow for
the moon on
the snail's back
to appear

Michael Harlow

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loyalty: "Heil Hitler! Stalin kaput!" Thus, until recently the terror of the district, he perishes "like a fool, from nothing more than a misunderstanding."

Chonkin? Well, he almost gets away with it, is even decorated as a hero by a buffoonish general. But Lieutenant Filippov, untied, produces the warrant for his arrest, and Ivan suffers an instant reversal of fate. "Comrade soldiers, my order that Chonkin be decorated has been rescinded," announces the general. "Private Chonkin has turned out to be a traitor to the motherland. He pretended to be a hero in order to worm his way into our confidence." Life under Stalinism has its little ups and downs. But, as observed earlier, this is clearly not intended to be the end of Chonkin. He is not the sort to be killed off.

So far this splendid satire is available to readers in the USSR only in *samizdat* form. How fortunate we in the West are to be made a present of the treasures of contemporary Soviet writing, though Russians themselves are denied them. Solzhenitsyn, Maximov, Amalrik, Sinyavsky, Voinovich—the honor roll of dissident writers of major accomplishment gets longer every year. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

The vast fields of TV rolling on under the night are largely given over to acres 'n acres of old movies, fodder for us donkeys. So, as Gatsby had insisted we could, we now endlessly repeat—or chew over—the past. Unlike culture heretofore continuously refined and brought up to date by the selective historical process that is in a sense the very definition of culture, I imagine the landscape of the past in the minds of most growing young people as a muddling jumble.

This of course is because on the commercial channels no selective values dictate the taking down off the rack of our film artifacts. These movie showings, particularly on the local affiliates, are nuttily random, to be snuffled up like greasy peanuts in a bar, not because of appetite but out of a stupefying compulsion.

Public TV has been trying to impinge on the bland chaos with such nicely conceived series as "The Silent Years" and "The Japanese Film." Now, recently leased from Janus Films are 100 classic motion pictures to be run at local option on PBS channels across the country over the next three years. Included are works of Eisenstein, Flaherty, Bergman, Fellini, Wajda, Truffaut.

With grant money from ubiquitous Exxon, good clear subtitles are being furnished and project director Christopher Sarson has taken pains to have collated the finest existing prints. Thus, for example, in the case of *Potemkin*, where the original negative does not exist, the Soviet version released in 1968 has been edited together with our old extant version in an attempt to arrive as close to the original as possible. And the Bergman prints provided by Swedish authorities give us some of those "sexy" bits we had missed and restore vital moments hacked out by your friendly local distributor to fit his program timing.

I had the privilege recently of seeing Marcel Carné's *Les Enfants du Paradis* (1944), without commercial interruption. Not actually part of the Janus collection, it's one of fourteen additional features leased by New York's Channel 13. I'd first seen the film many years ago, when for me *foreign* plus *film* (not movie) equaled *boring*, all the more if praised by my elders and betters.

A quarter century later I was far from bored, probably because since then I've picked up some history in all senses. I wonder how much your normal restless American kid will find in such a film, unless he's provided with an extensive and lively introduction to it. I do admit that three minutes of introduction is O.K. when the show in question is *Upstairs, Downstairs*, that excellent fictionalized social history, in itself introductory of something in our heritage. But a film like *Les Enfants du Paradis*, foreign yet epitomizing what I take to be a crucial part of our own culture, needs more, and that more would be very much worth the effort. *Les Enfants du Paradis*, with incessant implicit reference to intellectual and aesthetic history, does no introducing. It is rather a conclusion—poetic, final, itself a stylistic tribute to the early 19th century, a complex epoch of dizzying cultural evolution.

So, in such cases, I call for help from Public TV. If Big Bad NBC can devote three hours straight prime time to a documentary on *Violence in America*, including even TV violence, then Public TV can provide heavy culture (not too heavily, pray). Until TV risks exhaustiveness and stops feeding us peanuts and

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snippets we will become increasingly *lumpen* as a people in a curious and confusing sense. TV is actually awash with culture, cultural flotsam and jetsam that tend to render us *lumpen*-pretentious, if as individuals we are so prone.

Thus, to take a random example of the kind of thing that is perpetrated all the time: we come away from *Notorious Woman*, the BBC series on George Sand, with the bit that, *tsk, tsk*, she was against woman suffrage—without a thought for the reason, which is that she knew a female bloc vote at the time would have been overwhelmingly Catholic reactionary. There we are, happy-fed with culture. And all wrong, comfortably and forever. Snippets from Alistair out of teleprompter.

In the particular case of something French and very fine, our inheritance from them is important in such an oblique way, so close yet so foreign, that special attention is warranted. It is the air of ideas and aesthetics that the French cast abroad perennially, whether their own or not. Their slender language conveys this; it is serious and silver, not serious meat-and-potatoes, like ours.

Les Enfants du Paradis engages freely and lightheartedly in what Hemingway (born to art in Paris) often either closeted or earnestly boxed at: the deep battle of styles, modes of expression, aesthetics of life, art. It is more narrowly about the triumph of romanticism over neoclassicism and what this may entail. To this date we are in the toils of the result.

The film culminates at the time (Paris, 1829) of the first performance of Alfred de Vigny's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Othello*. A momentous occasion, the result of a process of cross-fertilization throughout Europe; but how is the bright normal restless young American I introduced earlier to know or care without inspired help from Channel 13? It begins a decade earlier with the young actor Frédéric Lemaître (Pierre Brasseur) out to conquer Paris in Napoleonic and Romantic fashion. He finds employment in the chaotic mime theatre of the *Funambules*, beloved of the ordinary illiterate people of Paris who sit up in the gallery, or Paradise, participating intensely in the fates of the silent protagonists. But Frédéric is not happy. He is an actor, that is to say, a speaker of lines; yet he is unhappy as well with the declamatory style fit for Racine. His passion, his bedside reading, is Shakespeare, considered monstrous by the neoclassicists, fierce in defense of Boileau's rules and the strict unity of time, place, action.

At the *Funambules* Frédéric meets Garance (Arletty) and Debureau (Jean-Louis Barrault), who is about to evolve from fragile family idiot into the great mime artist of Paris. Watching Barrault we watch (as James Agee wrote in these pages thirty years ago) "the only depiction of an artist, on the screen, which has fully convinced me of the genius he was supposed to have." Debureau is in love with the extraordinarily beautiful Garance but marries the determined Nathalie (Maria Casarès) in proper bourgeois-artist fashion. Garance is cornered by brutal circumstances and chooses to accept the protection of the Count de Montray, a wealthy aristocrat proud of his fine feelings and fond of bearbaiting. Lurking through all of this is the mysterious arch-criminal Lacenaire (also an historical personage, played by Marcel Herrand), a figure out of Balzac and Eugene Sue, adamant that he does not love Garance, adamant on hating the lice which are humankind.

Years pass. Both Lemaître and Debureau have developed as artists in a sort of continuing dialogue between two modes of art. Garance returns to derange the lives of Debureau, Lamaître and Lacenaire, and everything comes to a head on the occasion of Lamaître's triumph in de Vigny's *Othello* which marks, with the later *Hernani*, the breakthrough of the Romantics. And at last Debureau plunges past everything, past his small child dressed by Nathalie in Mardi Gras costume for Papa to see, into the Mardi Gras crowd after Garance, the Eternal Love. A crowd full of Pierrots indistinguishable from himself.

Les Enfants du Paradis is itself Romantic art in the way it manages a mixture of modes with success: elegance is not felt by Carné as inimical to variety; neither does irony contradict common feeling, as embodied by the children of Paradise: further, comedy and tragedy cohabit, in keeping with the Romantic insistence on easy freedom.

Altogether logical in execution, the film incarnates the Romantic exasperation with Enlightenment "reason"—thus, the famous line, *My name is Garance, the name of a flower*, invoked repeatedly as a kind of romantical talisman. And along with the low-life fascination reminiscent of Balzac, Sue, Dickens, there is the important earlier Napoleonic, Stendhalian notion of splendid rapid conquest embodied in the spirit of Lemaître. There are Romantic tenderness, marvelous flirting and a duel.

But finally and pervasively there is the Romantic intellectual preoccupation with

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the nature of the artistic process and with the artist as protagonist in his own right. Garance is muse in turn to Debureau the profound simpleton-artist, Lemaître the self-willed conquering artist, Lacenaire the artist-criminal, and de Montray the bearbaiting false artist.

The film is inexhaustibly congruent with its subject. While the scriptwriter Jacques Prévert was immersing himself in the time and place at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Carné himself haunted the Musée Carnavalet. The result is a rich context of historical fact which they never impose directly. French productions traditionally avoid real locations, preferring the painstaking and stylized creation of sets. Thus, the Paris of *Les Enfants du Paradis* was constructed in Nice, and by avoiding the actual city Carné seems out to seize the "real" Paris in true Romantic fashion. For me he succeeds; this is certainly the endless Paris of our minds. According to de Vigny, "The human spirit prefers things less real, more great and complete . . . at times the reality of facts must give way to the *idea*."

To return to my point about exhaustive help, with a specific if unspectacular example of the kind of thing Public TV might do on a larger scale than it has. Though I hold no brief for French TV in general, I have seen some good programs, notably one called "Screen Dossiers." One week this program ran the first half of *Les Misérables* with Jean Gabin, and then presented a discussion of the film by a half dozen people, after a solid little historical introduction. The following week the second half was shown, after which the round-table discussion resumed with another group of interesting and knowledgeable types. A Jesuit had a lot to say about archbishops, candlesticks and charity; he was often challenged by, I believe, a rather more liberal Dominican, equally erudite and spirited. An articulate army officer who'd spent years studying the history of the Paris police supplied surprisingly revelatory detail about the street fighting in which Gavroche stood and died. And there were a couple of professors. These people knew what they were talking about; they were not reading off teleprompters.

We travel in the cold to overheated public places to put up with lengthy symposiums, sitting on hard chairs and facing panels of bores: such panels can at least be dismissed with a flick of the switch if TV turns out to offer no better. Why not try it out, aggressively searching out those genuine scholars among us who are not bores? □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Catalogues survive exhibitions; a printed text has currency longer than a temporary grouping of original works. However, longer life is not necessarily the same as proper recognition and some excellent catalogues are, so to say, upstaged by their shows. Art critics tend to review the exhibition rather than discuss the text, and book reviewers seem to consider catalogues outside their terms of reference. For instance, Hugh Honour arranged an exhibition "The New Golden Land: European Images of America," seen recently at the Cleveland Museum of Art and the National Gallery, Washington. His publisher has observed that the book he wrote on the subject (Pantheon, $8.95), slipping into a gap between book and exhibition reviewing, received less attention than it deserved. It is a brilliant survey of the visual images that the Old World minted of the New, a logical sequel to an earlier book on *chinoiserie*. Honour has become a specialist in the iconography of exotic cultures.

Other notable "books of the show" are *Japonisme: Japanese Influence on French Art, 1854-1910*, published in 1975 by a coalition of museums headed by Cleveland; and *America as Art* by Joshua C. Taylor (National Collection of Fine Arts, Washington, 1976), a view of American art in relation to the general culture rather than according to masterpiece theory. *Woodstock: An American Art Colony 1902-1977* by Karal Ann Marling (the exhibition from which it comes is at the Vassar College Art Gallery until March 4) is a detailed study of American painters and sculptors in an unfamiliar grouping. In all these books scholarship and original subject matter converge rewardingly in ways that are far bolder than most of the topics on publishers' conventional art book lists.

An outstanding publication, book-size but retaining the easy consultability of an exhibition catalogue, is *Women Artists: 1550-1950*. The exhibition is at the Los Angeles County Museum (until March

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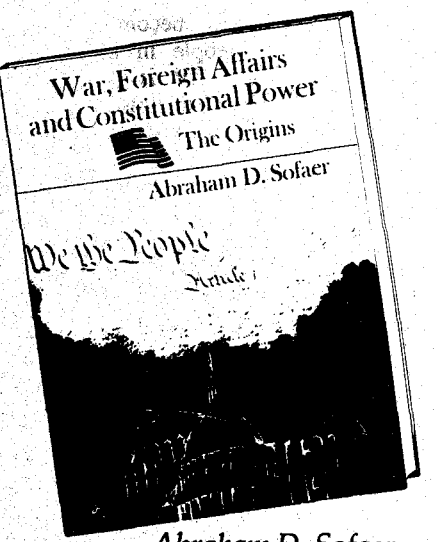

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13), after which it will travel to the University of Texas at Austin, the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, and the Brooklyn Museum, New York. In case *Women Artists* does not get picked up by the book editors I want to discuss it here: it is available from Alfred A. Knopf ($15 hardcover, $8.95 paper).

The authors are Ann Sutherland Harris and Linda Nochlin. Harris deals with women artists from the 16th to the 18th century and Nochlin from the French Revolution to 1950. It was a correct decision to cut off the survey when they did, with no artists born after 1910 and no work done later than 1950. It was a correct decision too to exclude sculpture, which did not become available to women until the 19th century. Thus the authors are able to concentrate on painting, which is certainly the most copious area for professional women artists, and to exercise an historical approach which would have become impossible had they come closer to our own contested times. Both writers are feminists and they see their political position as fully compatible with the procedures of systematic study. The value of this is apparent if one compares their book with *Women Artists: Recognition and Reappraisal from the Early Middle Ages to the 20th Century* by Karen Petersen and J.J. Wilson (Harper Colophon, $5.95), written without the benefit of art history or criticism. It is not that art history is a zealous revisionary discipline: far from it; but it can be used that way. In Harris and Nochlin the pursuit of accuracy is combined with the demand for justice.

Much of the writing that has accompanied the feminist movement in art in the 1970s has been pragmatic and fragmentary. Women artists have been revived in vivid, piecemeal fashion and a folklore of timeless connections between past and present women has been entertained. Harris and Nochlin present a synthetic view based on modern research techniques. Harris points out that the restrictions on women's education excluded them from large-scale figure painting, but that they were able to work successfully in the specialized fields of portraiture and still life. She notes subtly that the example of Sofonisba Anguissola, a star in her lifetime, was probably helpful and inspiring to later women artists in the 16th century.

Incidentally the weak point in Harris's text is related to the problem of "famous women." She is unable to cope with Rosalba Carriera, Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun and Angelica Kauffman. She suggests that their rather glamorous careers deserve "attention from social historians," but the thrust of the whole book is toward a view of women's art in its social context. What is different in the case of these three women? They were successful Rococo artists who, unlike Anguissola, were never forgotten. Thus they seem to become, in a roundabout way, establishment figures for Harris, who has puritanical doubts as to whether they were sufficiently victimized in their lives or reputations. This seems to me the only point at which special feminist pleading short-circuits the book's accuracy and justice.

Nochlin observes that "it would be futile, if not impossible, to talk of a 'woman's style' or a 'feminine sensibility.'" She is referring to the diversity of 20th-century art, but Harris obviously concurs on the basis of art's historical specificity. To quote Nochlin again: "The fact that a given artist happens to be a woman rather than a man counts for something: it is a more or less significant variable in the creation of a work of art, like being an American, being poor, or being born in 1900. Like any other variable, little can be predicted on its basis in isolation from the specific context in which it exists." Nochlin points out that Rachel Ruysch's flower paintings, well discussed by Harris in her account of 17th-century still life, resemble those of "her male Dutch contemporaries" more than they do the flowers of Georgia O'Keeffe, "which in turn are clearly related to the stylistic context of their own time and place."

Writers on women's art have been repeatedly tempted by the notion of absolute femininity, the latest form of what an English philosopher called "the comforts of unifying formulae." It is understandable to feel the need for defense from callous or indifferent males and, as a response, to set up an unapproachable, because elliptically defined, subculture. However, the clannish approach to women's art leaves too much out of account: it cannot be stretched to include the present diversity of women's art.

There is another problem about restricted meaning in women's art. If I, as a male, am excluded from an understanding of, say, a painting of a pregnant woman by Alice Neel, then the communicative power of art cannot be much. (The other way round, there are women who see the art of the Renaissance not as common property but as a male conspiracy.) A great merit of Harris and Nochlin is that they avoid stereotypes and show women artists in relation to complex situations. Victimization is not denied, but Harris and Nochlin doubt the continued usefulness of the consolatory or retaliatory arguments of the early 1970s. Thus their book is revisionary in two senses: on the one hand, it proposes a basis for the incorporation of women into art history, hitherto male-oriented; but, on the other hand, its sophisticated methodology carries the subject out of the sphere of short-term slogans originated by feminist propaganda. The authors risk attack on two fronts, but *Women Artists: 1550-1950* is a decisive advance in the study of women's art. □

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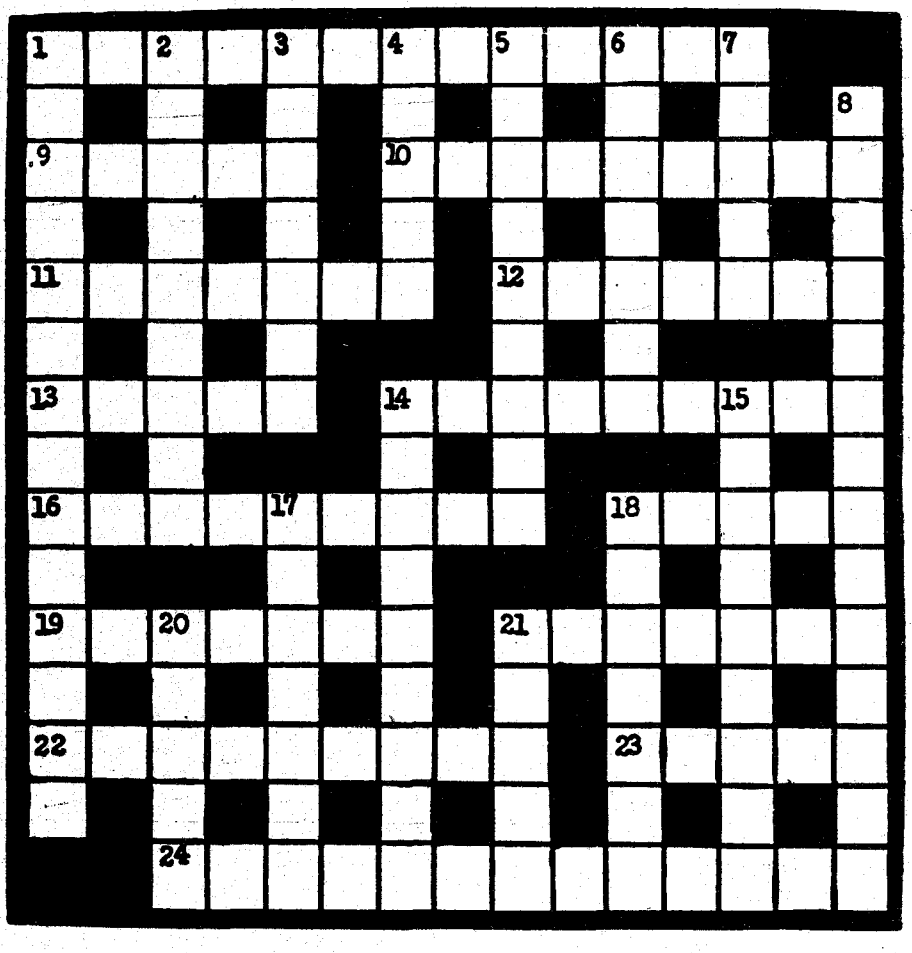

ACROSS

1 What a rapier has, where things get hung up. (8,5)
9 Outer road, in a way. (5)
10 So, no caries! (9)
11 Has a funny walk, like a minister in the principality. (7)
12 One of those things that carried weight with the man with the hoe? (7)
13 Seen to be famous, like music. (5)
14 Army beef? Chopped fine, it's really a farce. (9)
16 Rare books might be ultra-conservative. (9)
18 It might take a certain amount of dough to make one. (5)
19 and 7 down A rather crude demand for personal identification. (5,2,2,3)
21 Possibly Mr. Crane helped Henry with his marriage problem. (7)
22 Treat this, and make one get it a different way. (9)
23 I can't make a trick this way! (5)
24 Many countries have such, with the most pure cures altered. (7,6)

DOWN

1 It should at least tell you where the blow is coming from. (5,2,3,4)
2 Covered over, being at home, and not taken out. (9)
3 What one did to be knighted, necessarily. (7)
4 Almost all the ones in this puzzle are common. (5)
5 Trimmed two feet, possibly. (9)
6 Drive someone mad with perfume? (7)
7 See 19 across
8 Time spent watching the running of an old Marx Brothers show. (1,3,2,3,5)
14 Cause to have no effect. (9)
15 One makes an approximation, or at times changes it. (9)
17 Where one might wait to see an early Marilyn Monroe movie. (3,4)
18 What it takes to make an encouraging noise about the announcement? (7)
20 One very watchful concerning refined sugar? (5)
21 Secret existence, in part, of the island. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1668

ACROSS: 1 Venus and Adonis; 9 Peppers; 10 Littler; 12, 21 and 11 The point of no return; 14 Cabinet; 15 Caleb; 17 Drove; 19 Hampers; 21 Outgrown; 23 Violas; 25 Noisier; 26 Euterpe; 27 Second-hand book. DOWN: 1 Vaporized; 2 Nepotic; 3 Steerable; 4 Nose; 5 and 13 All the time in the world; 6 On top; 7 Ill-will; 8 Fret; 15 Coexisted; 16 Beefsteak; 18 Outlive; 20 Salerno; 22 Rhino; 24 Vera.

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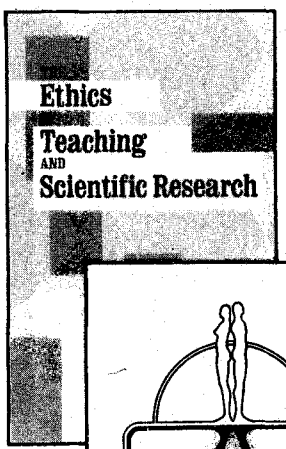

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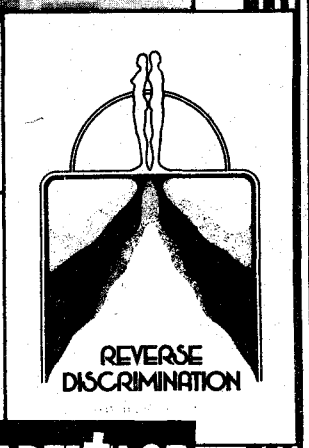

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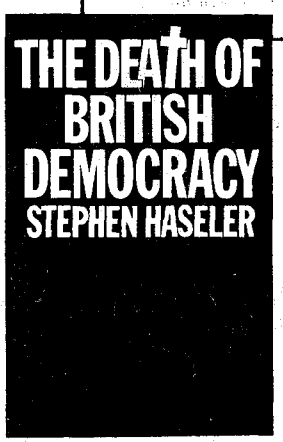

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